Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Heil, Censorship

A NEWSPAPER clipping dated June 25 describes the suppression in Germany of the motion picture *Tarzan* on the ground that it was "brutalizing." This was five days before that delicately æsthetic performance of June 30 in which Captain Roehm and some of his colleagues were chided for wrong thinking. It was lucky for the Germans that the film was caught in time, otherwise Herr Hitler's delicately æsthetic performance might have degenerated into something ugly like a fist fight, and the German censor does not approve of fist fights: he suppressed Eddie Cantor's *The Kid* because it contained several of them and was therefore extremely "brutalizing."

In Austria, too, there have been quilting bees and other such good clean fun that radio stations and theatres and cafés and like sources of unwholesome pleasuring were quite closed down. It is true that a number of unfortunate persons were overcome by the seemly entertainment, but that is less than incidental in the light of a true spirit of racial consciousness. And the Austrian censor is hardly less efficient than the German, though he is sometimes irked by a difficulty in preventing objectionable radio broadcasts from Munich.

Down in South America there has been less progress perhaps, but our own State Department has stepped in and censored the shipment of arms to belligerents in the Chaco war, thus giving a modern touch to the proceedings. However, it soon appeared that the modern touch was not sufficiently moral in tone, so the State Department allowed arms to be shipped to one of the belligerents and now every one is wholesomely happy except the other belligerent.

On the other side of the world censors are also busy and such excellent morality has resulted that *The China Weekly Review*, in its issue of July 7, can report that policing of the Hongkew section of the International Settlement at Shanghai has been virtually given up by the British. According to *The China Weekly Review*, all that is now necessary to control the situation is the moral suasion of the Japanese military authorities, "assisted by their ronin and thugs." The derogatory quality of this quoted phrase can doubtless be laid to an underdeveloped national consciousness on the

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part of the Chinese, with a consequent inability to judge true values.

The Russians, on the other hand, are reported by Mr. Walter Duranty to be relaxing their formerly superb censorship a little, and good modernists are probably worried. Mr. Duranty says that hereafter Americans in Soviet Russia are to be allowed to see things previously barred from their snoopings. There are to be less of the staged performances intended to impress foreigners with Russian progress and more reliance on the effect of actual accomplishments. Also, literature does not have any more to display so strictly proletarian a value. But it is notorious that Stalin has grown conservative, and there are murmurings against him.

In our own glorious Union conservative Republicans have for many months complained of Democratic censorship of the radio and wide-spread Democratic control of the press. There is some argument over the truth of this assertion, and perhaps we *are* too backward to do the thing thoroughly, as it is done in Germany and Italy. At any rate, one of the usual tests of the efficiency of a censorship is whether there exist harmonious and virtuous relations between capital and labor, and by this test the Republicans are surely quite justified in their accusation: not a peep is heard out of labor anywhere in the country, and no more than an occasional grunt of satisfaction from capital. If our authorities have a shortcoming in this respect it is that they have confined themselves to the political field in their censorship, and such aberrations and disharmonies as may still exist are undoubtedly due to this incompleteness.

However, many public-spirited individuals have noted the omission and formed a religious organization to protect the morals of the nation from contamination by evil movies, with the idea of possibly extending their good influence later to books and magazines and plays. Their feeling is that the movies have been too lenient in their treatment of public enemies like gangsters and sex, inciting young and impressionable minds to an admiration of either or both. This is no doubt true and all modernists will laud the success of their boycott in bringing Hollywood film magnates to heel. In no time at all now we may expect a United States in which payrolls will be safe, Chicago World Fairs will not permit nudist weddings and cosmetic manufacturers will have to find some other advertising appeal than Allure.

Perhaps the most encouraging thing about all this censorship is that it has brought the world past the twentieth anniversary of the Great War with hardly more than eight or ten nations mobilized and ready for another one. Along with the development of the airplane, it has extended the British frontier to the Rhine and so made the Continent at least temporarily safe for French hegemony. It has succeeded in making a great nation of Poland, nonexistent before the War, and thus added a fascinatingly disturbing factor to European diplomacy. It has kept masses of people ignorant of both national and international affairs so that their dictatorial rulers could prevent emotions from rising to the pitch of war at inconvenient times.

All in all, it seems a wonder that any nation in the world ever got along without benefit of censorship, if any ever did. So long ago as the First Century A.D., according to Robert Graves, the Roman Emperor, Tiberius Claudius, felt the need of softening his own writings and

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hiding some from his contemporaries. But, of course, we should not think of comparing the murders, intrigues, indecencies, warring and decadence of that heathen period with our own spotless record of high aspiration.

Revising a Paradox

While New York newspapers were gaily describing the auction of Howard Scott's effects in a New Jersey town to satisfy a judgment for rent, Edwin G. Nourse and his associates published a book called *America's Capacity to Produce*, which treated some of Scott's Technocracy concepts in an equally unsympathetic manner.

Messrs. Nourse and associates gave it as their considered opinion that production in 1929 in America could have been stepped up by only a matter of nineteen per cent, which meant adding no more than $545 to the annual income of every family of two or more persons in the country. This would not come within sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars of the real income which Scott said was possible, and consequently optimists may be discouraged, for Messrs. Nourse and associates are very hard-headed gentlemen connected with the Brookings Institution and it is highly unlikely that their estimate would be farther from the truth than Mr. Scott's.

Of course, a level of production nineteen per cent higher than the 1929 would assume much larger proportions today: in fact, would amount approximately to a doubling of present production. But those persons who believe that industrial efficiency has been vastly increased during the depression will find no agreement with their thesis in *America's Capacity to Produce*. The argument there tends in the other direction, that the depression's stresses and strains have rather decreased potential production than otherwise. So that the general picture is of a possible prosperity not much greater than that of 1929 except that its benefits might be spread out somewhat more among the less fortunate classes, who, as we have been told often enough, were excessively poor during the boom.

As another damper on our pride in the efficiency of American industry and agriculture comes an article, published in the *New Outlook*, by Robert R. Doane. After five months' study with the National Survey of Potential Products Capacity, he makes the statement that there was a shortage of 100,000,000,000 pounds of foodstuffs in this country during the peak year of 1929. This is on the basis of comparison with a liberal diet schedule drawn up by the Department of Agriculture and tends to confirm estimates made in this magazine some while ago by Mr. E. L. McDowell. In other words, Secretary Wallace and his brethren of the crop reduction plans have been disastrously mistaken: we need busier and better farmers rather than country gentlemen paid for their leisure.

Moreover, says Mr. Doane, there is an appalling shortage of housing and even in 1929 "the male population of the United States were supplied, on a per capita basis, with a bare one-third of a garment of new outerwear." So that we had not enough to eat or to wear or for shelter.

If the arguments of Messrs. Doane and Nourse presage a wide shift in attitude it will be interesting to watch the result. Such views, generally accepted, ought to assure the collapse of the farm programme, of the NRA (most of it, at least) and of any other restraints on production. Doubtless, the concept of

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planning would suffer a black eye that would take many a lusty leech to bleach again, and the Administration itself would have difficulty in surviving, unless it did a hurried about-face.

Unfortunately, proving that there has been no "paradox of poverty amid plenty" because there has been no plenty does not solve the problem of providing plenty, or even of setting us back on the road to the comparative hardship of 1929. The fact that a lot of people were hungry in that hectic year seems to have little if any effect on the level of wheat or milk prices, and at present prices farmers can hardly afford to raise the trivial amounts of farm products that they are now sending to market. Likewise, even if the country is in desperate need of six million new homes, as Mr. Doane states, most of us can only laugh sardonically at the idea of buying one.

Not that there is any lack of money, mind you. Dr. Nourse is careful to point out that there was never the slightest strain on our credit and currency system during even the wildest part of the late boom. And the Kemmerers and Spragues and a thousand others will staunchly declare that reserves are not now lacking for any amount of enterprise. A day hardly passes that some big banker does not cry out for "sound" credit risks: banks are groaning, apparently, with money begging to be lent, and because it can not be, bankers are going without profit along with the rest of us downtrodden ones. Maybe the only thing to do is change the slogan to "paradox of poverty amid plenty of money" and let it go at that.

But obviously the Kemmerers and Spragues do not mean that plenty of money is available to the ordinary consumer who buys the food and clothing and shelter which were so scarce even in 1929. Between him and the money stand business men and bankers and they are universally troubled by lack of "confidence." If and when this is restored to them and they set the wheels of industry to turning at a faster rate, presumably a reasonable amount of those excess reserves will trickle down to the consumer and then he will be able to do more than laugh sardonically at the idea of buying a dwelling, or a suit of clothes, or a good juicy steak, though he may still have to go into debt up to his neck to do it.

For four years this delicate flame of confidence has smoked and smoldered and gone out, smoked and smoldered and gone out, until it began to seem that it never again would burn clear and strong. But one of the dampening influences which kept it down was the wide acceptance that we had had too much production for our needs, that there was too much plant capacity, that the main work of Americans was done. If that opinion is now discarded and it is widely believed that there remains a tremendous task before industry and agriculture to supply the necessaries of our own country, business courage is as likely as not to revive.

That is the logic—or illogic—of the matter anyhow. Once industry and agriculture got to thinking themselves efficient they failed. Now when they discover that they were nothing of the kind they may very well succeed. It will do no harm to hope so, at any rate.

Public Service

Judging from isolated incidents, the "public servant" conception of public officials is seeping into the minds of a few lowly citizens. Within recent weeks a New York newspaper carried the story

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of Joseph Schalabetter, chef, who found himself standing at a street intersection in Brooklyn with nothing better to do than set off a fire alarm. When the firemen arrived and questioned him he calmly admitted setting off the alarm. They asked why and he replied: "Oh, I was all alone and I wanted to see you."

The judge before whom Mr. Schalabetter was haled, being a public official, did not see the virtue of his reasoning and sentenced him to thirty days of further loneliness. Maybe the judge was right. It does cost taxpayers money to bring out the fire trucks and it would not do to encourage every Tom, Dick and Harry with nothing better to do than to turn in alarms. However, there are many hundreds of thousands of average citizens, like Mr. Schalabetter, who pay taxes year in and year out, directly or indirectly, without ever realizing any tangible return from the expense. And if in a moment of quixotic abandon a few of them decide to order their tax-paid employes around, even without legally impeccable excuse, it is at least understandable.

There was another case in recent months in which certain legislators, public-officially procrastinating, failed to pass a law, the lack of which endangered the employment of persons in that locality over forty years of age. Voters of the locality, to the astonishment of its legislators, took the view that if individual employment over the age of forty was not worth the consideration of the legislature, then legislative employment over the age of forty was of equally small moment to the citizenry. They refused to vote for any candidate who had passed his thirties.

These are, of course, no more than straws in the wind, if that. And it is probably utopian to hope that they really indicate the direction of a wind. Suppose a majority of Americans suddenly demanded the efficiency and courtesy of their public servants that they do of their private servants and employes. Police all over the nation would be reduced from the status of Supreme Court Justices to ordinary information clerks and night watchmen. Magistrates who used their courtrooms as forums for their own predilections in the way of morals and conduct would be required to administer the law as it is written—if they were able to read it. Mayors and commissioners and aldermen and like small fry would be reduced from arbiters of elegance and business and anything else that occurs to them down to their own proper and insignificant duties.

It may be that a hurricane wind of this dimension would destroy the traditional Republic—even as prophets of peril are now for another reason predicting. But at least it would give the little man, the small capitalist, the sturdy, unpretentious, virtuous individualist, one last run for his money before the proletarian or fascist debacle.

W. A. D.

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Japan and World Peace

By Hirosi Saito

The Japanese Ambassador replies to the article last month by Dr. Sze, Chinese Minister, on the promulgation of an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine

Toward the end of 1910 President Taft wrote to Colonel Roosevelt, his immediate predecessor in the White House, seeking his counsel in regard to Manchuria on the various problems concerning which America, with Mr. Philander C. Knox as Secretary of State, could not see eye to eye with Japan. In reply Mr. Roosevelt, under date of December 22, 1910, wrote as follows:

> Our vital interest is to keep the Japanese out of our country and at the same time to preserve the good will of Japan. The vital interest of the Japanese, on the other hand, is in Manchuria and Korea. It is therefore peculiarly our interest not to take any steps as regards Manchuria which will give the Japanese cause to feel, with or without reason, that we are hostile to them, or a menace—in however slight a degree—to their interests. . . . I utterly disbelieve in the policy of bluff, in national or international no less than in private affairs, or in any violation of the old frontier maxim, "Never draw unless you mean to shoot." I do not believe in our taking any position anywhere unless we can make good; and as regards Manchuria, if the Japanese choose to follow a course of conduct to which we are adverse, we cannot stop it unless we are prepared to go to war, and a successful war about Manchuria would require a fleet as good as that of England plus an army as good as that of Germany.

In these words Colonel Roosevelt gave expression to the thought which, I believe, animates many American minds, articulate or inarticulate. A staunch believer in sturdy Americanism, the late President stood for fair play and a square deal in international relations. Although he was obliged to erect a barrier against Japanese immigration for reasons of domestic welfare, though he no doubt sympathized with the similar policy taken by other Occidental nations, he thought it only fair to concede to the Japanese a place in the sun in some other parts of the world. He saw in Japan a country not larger than Montana in area, yet supporting 60,000,000 inhabitants as compared with Montana's half million—a country, too, upon which nature has been extremely niggardly in bestowing the necessary materials of subsistence. It was but natural that Mr. Roosevelt was willing to concede to Japan something of a free hand in her part of the world, particularly in the direction of Manchuria.

Mr. Roosevelt knew, of course, that Japan did not go into Manchuria like a swashbuckler, as some other nations, when similarly situated, had done in

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other sections of the world. On the contrary she had treaties and agreements with China defining her rights and interests in Manchuria. Those rights and interests were a result of a Herculean struggle which was forced upon Japan by the combined intrigue of Tsarist Russia and Imperial China at the turn of the century. In the closing years of the Nineteenth Century China entered into a secret alliance with Russia by which the two nations were to make common cause against Japan. The inevitable upshot was the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–5, upon the issue of which Japan had to stake her very existence. We won the war, but at a sacrifice of one hundred thousand lives and untold treasure. Had we known the existence of the secret alliance between Russia and China at that time, we should have been justified in demanding the outright cession of the whole of South Manchuria. But we did not do this. We only obtained a few hundred miles of railway and a small leased territory, and these we got, not from China, but from Russia, for they had belonged, not to China, but to Russia.

II

Much has been written on the so-called "Twenty-One Demands" which were presented to China by Japan in 1915. Yet the public seems to have only a vague or even a grossly erroneous idea of those demands and the resultant agreements. The sole object of the Japanese proposal was to consolidate and preserve the vital interests obtained by Japan in Manchuria as a result of the war with Russia. Let us note the American Government's attitude towards the Japanese demands. According to the American official "Papers Relating to Foreign Relations" for the year 1915, Mr. Bryan, then Secretary of State, after a careful study of the whole matter, informed the Japanese Government that no objection would be raised to sixteen of the twenty-one demands; that is to say, Washington had no objection to any of the demands relative to Japanese interests in Manchuria and even in Shantung. The only demands to which America took exception were those known as "Group V" which were presented to China not as "demands" but as "wishes." In the course of negotiations between Japan and China these "wishes" were withdrawn. As a consequence the agreements resulting from the twenty-one demands included nothing to which America objected.

Nor is it factually correct to say that the 1915 agreements between China and Japan were signed under duress. The records of the parley conclusively show that on February 12, 1915—only twenty-four days after the presentation of the original Japanese demands, and eighty-five days before the presentation of the Japanese ultimatum which has often been construed as duress—China brought forth a counter-proposal rejecting some of the Japanese demands but agreeing to extend to ninety-nine years the lease of Port Arthur and Dairen (or more accurately the Kwantung leased territory) and of the South Manchuria Railway. (China also agreed to recognize Japan's acquisition of the former German rights in Shantung, but this is no longer important as Japan, at the Washington Conference of 1921–2, definitely relinquished those rights in China's favor.) All this was clearly stated in the Chinese proposal handed to the Japanese delegate on February 12, 1915. By April 17 all of the other essential points had been agreed upon, Japan having withdrawn Group V and

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having made more concessions in other respects. And yet China would not sign the agreement, hoping, perhaps, that the powers might yet intervene and pick her chestnut out of the fire. Another explanation for the Chinese procrastination is given in the biography of Count Takaakira Kato, the Foreign Minister who formulated the Japanese demands. The book has a passage which says that Yuan Shih-k'ai, then President of China, through one of the Chinese delegates, privately told the Japanese delegate that an ultimatum was welcome and would expedite the conclusion of the agreement. This extraordinary overture had, perhaps, a twofold objective. First, President Yuan hoped that a Japanese ultimatum, if presented, would give him the excuse of bowing to the inevitable. Secondly, an ultimatum would, he thought, make China an object of sympathy before the world. In the light of the actual fact and of international law, the duress theory, as applied to the Sino-Japanese negotiations of 1915, is entirely groundless.

III

This brings us to a consideration of China's traditional attitude towards her neighbors. Every Chinese politician, every Chinese student, knows that for more than two thousand years that attitude has been characterized in his own vernacular as *I I Chih I*, or "exploiting barbarians to check barbarians." That attitude is a product of China's peculiar history and geography. For almost three thousand years China was often invaded and harassed by the barbarian tribes—so often that by B. C. 214 the Chinese Emperor, named Shih Huang-ti, had completed the Great Wall 1,500 miles long to keep the barbarians out. The Chinese, incapable of controlling these tribes by their own power and strength, resorted to the questionable expedient of playing off one tribe against another, hoping thus to stave off barbarian encroachments upon their own soil. This expedient, practised for so many centuries, could not but produce a most profound and far-reaching effect upon the Chinese mind, as Mr. Owen Lattimore, unquestionably one of the greatest American scholars on the subject, aptly says:

> Since even the best organization and military training could give China only the negative advantage of a successful defensive position along the Great Wall, there grew up inevitably a canon of statecraft and foreign policy based on the assumption that fighting the barbarians was less efficacious than promoting confusion among them—by intrigue, by bribery, by alliance, by hiring some of them as mercenaries against the others, by any possible means—in such a manner that, being involved against each other, none of them would be free to attack China. This is the celebrated canon of *I I Chih I*, "using barbarians to control the barbarians," which is the fundamental in Chinese history.
>
> What has not been generally enough appreciated by Western students of Chinese history, however, is the reverse application of this rule: that good government at home is less vital to the nation than successful intrigue abroad. The foreign and domestic policies of any nation are external and internal facets of a single phenomenon. If foreign policy is based on the assumption that courage and direct action are useless, then courage and initiative cannot be the guiding characteristics of internal policy.

Originally and for centuries aimed at the "land barbarians" of the North, the traditional Chinese policy was readily applied to the "sea barbarians," who almost two centuries ago began to knock at China's door from the seacoast—Europeans and Americans. "The cycle of barbarian invasion and Chinese recovery had," to quote Mr. Lattimore again, "become so permanent, so normal an element in Chinese life by the

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time that the appearance of the Western nations interrupted it, that the Chinese inevitably and spontaneously transferred to their relations with the 'barbarians of the sea' the complete stock of ideas, feelings, policies, and methods which had been developed by centuries of opposition to the Great Wall barbarians. The maladjustment between China and Western civilization during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries turns largely on the fact that both Chinese and foreigners were attempting to apply preconceived 'stock' ideas to a situation that was radically new." In the Chinese eye Japan has been a species of "barbarian" to be dealt with much as China has dealt with the "land barbarians" beyond the Great Wall and the "sea barbarians" from Europe and America. Naturally China's technique in her dealings with Japan has been to set one power or another, often a number of powers, against the island nation. The pity of it is that this technique has seldom, if ever, worked to China's benefit, but has almost invariably ended in her disaster.

IV

No unbiased, far-seeing, clear-sighted observer, who has China's own welfare at heart, could fail to see the deplorable effect of the traditional Chinese diplomacy. During the Sino-Japanese War of 1894–5, Mr. Charles Denby, American Minister to Peking, was quick to recognize the futility of that diplomacy, and repeatedly told Li Hung-chang, that celebrated Chinese "Prime Minister," that "he should turn his back on European powers and turn his face to Japan" and "that policy dictated a complete abandonment of the idea of trying to secure [foreign] intervention." Under date of February 26, 1895, Mr. Denby sent to the State Department a lengthy report on the Sino-Japanese War situation, which had been drawing to a close. So remarkable is that report for the vision and the accuracy of diagnosis it bespeaks that I feel justified in quoting from it at some length:

> For the last few days Li Hung-chang has been engaged in interviewing the heads of Legations here. He still seems to cling to the impracticable idea that the European powers will not permit Japan to seize any of the territory of China. He puts to each Minister the question: Will your Government intervene if China refuses to grant a cession of territory? . . .
>
> In conversation with my colleagues [European Ministers] I have always asked them to quit, for the time at least, all talk about intervention, and on the contrary to say positively that in no conceivable event will their Governments intervene—just as I have always said with my own Government. I have told them again and again that had it not been for this phantom of assistance to China, I would have made peace two months ago. As long as China thinks that at a crucial moment English or Russian guns will be turned against Japanese ships, she will delay direct action. . . .
>
> In private conversations with the members of the Yamen [Chinese Government], I have tried to turn their views from the spectre of intervention to what I conceive to be China's true policy, and that is a sincere, friendly *rapprochement* with Japan. Japan would not, it is likely, remain deaf to representations that the two great Oriental nations ought to have the same interests in the long run.
>
> Of the two Oriental nations which were opened to Western civilization by foreign guns, one accepted the results, the other rejected them. Japan is now doing for China what the United States did for Japan. She has learnt Western civilization and she is forcing it on her unwieldy neighbor. The only hope in the world for China is to take the lesson, rude as it is, to heart.

History repeats itself. Indeed history has repeated itself again and again in China's relations with Japan since Mr. Denby penned that memorable report.

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The tragedy of China is the tragedy of a nation which closes its eyes to the obvious fact that wisdom lies in a policy of hearty coöperation with its progressive neighbor instead of in a policy of intrigue and obstruction aimed at setting the powers against that neighbor. Li Hung-chang, despite Mr. Denby's advice, succeeded in bringing about a Russo-German-French intervention against Japan at the end of the war, but with disastrous effect. The intervention forced Japan out of Manchuria, and gave Russia the spoils of victory, which belonged to Japan. That eventually precipitated the Russo-Japanese war with all its ultimate consequences upon China.

The culmination of China's unfortunate policy *vis-à-vis* Japan was her appeal to the League of Nations on the Manchurian incident of September, 1931. Even as Li Hung-chang worked to bring about the tripartite intervention in 1895, so China had for years assiduously worked to create a situation which would enable her to throw the whole question of Sino-Japanese relations into the cauldron of the League. Had Geneva—and America—unequivocally told China, at the very beginning of the incident, to give up the idea of relying upon their intervention and to enter into direct negotiations with Japan, the Manchurian situation would have been different from what it is today as a consequence of the League's intervention. Japan had vital interests to protect in Manchuria—interests which had been steadily encroached upon by China in violation of treaties. True, Japan had been a member of the League and had signed the Nine-Power Washington Treaty and the Kellogg Pact of Peace, but that did not mean that she had surrendered the right of self-defense under international law. The Japanese military measures taken in Manchuria in September, 1931, were measures of self-defense. Had the League, at that early stage, taken the statesmanlike course of advising China to come to terms with Japan through direct negotiations the trouble could have been settled without such a great delay that the natives in Manchuria, in the meantime, were carried away by the independence movement. What the League should have remembered was the advice given China by Mr. Denby thirty-five years before.

V

The late President Roosevelt's and Mr. Denby's views, urging upon the American Government the wisdom of non-interference in the regional affairs of the Far East, are, in effect, an application of the Monroe Doctrine. For the Monroe Doctrine is a doctrine of mutual forbearance—an application of the golden rule to international relations. Obviously, a nation which excludes foreign interference in its part of the world must, by the same token, refrain from interfering in the affairs of another nation in its part of the world. I believe in the homely old saying that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" should be the guiding principle of international relations. Every American knows that his Government would not permit the Japanese to launch mining or railway enterprises in Mexico, or even to immigrate into the same country in any considerable numbers. He knows also that the American barrier against such alien enterprises extends farther south. Whether this exclusive attitude, as taken not only within his

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own country but in the countries south of the Rio Grande, runs counter to the principle of the Open Door is a question which never troubles his serene mind. In a well ordered world, where justice and equity prevail, such policies as represented or implied by the Monroe Doctrine or the Open Door Doctrine should be reciprocal and not one-sided, mutual, not arbitrary. That is why such American leaders as the late President Roosevelt vigorously took to task the "dollar" diplomacy which was, in a certain period in America's recent history, practised in Manchuria and China under the ægis and in the name of the Open Door Doctrine. So deeply did Mr. Roosevelt deplore that diplomacy that he wrote to Senator Lodge a letter saying, "Unfortunately, after I left office, a most mistaken and ill-advised policy was pursued towards Japan, combining irritation and inefficiency."

Whether or not President Wilson was aware of the "most mistaken and ill-advised policy" of the preceding Administration, it is an interesting fact that in 1917 he caused Secretary Lansing to exchange notes with Viscount Ishii, Japan's special envoy to America, with the object of recognizing that "Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous." The notes exchanged were at least a step toward America's acknowledgment of the principle that her right, under the Monroe Doctrine, to exclude alien political influence, direct or indirect, from her part of the globe, implies a corollary duty on her part not to extend a similar influence to other parts of the world but to concede to other leading nations in their own respective spheres a position similar to that which America has allocated to herself under the said doctrine.

In the fierce political strife which raged in America following the conclusion of the Versailles Peace Treaty Mr. Wilson's foreign policy was the object of a hostile crusade, and the Ishii-Lansing agreement was cast to the winds of that strife. The abrogation of that agreement had a far-reaching effect which has not been fully grasped by Western observers. It is an undeniable fact that the abrogation encouraged China to believe that she had America in her pocket and that henceforth she could trample with impunity upon Japanese susceptibilities and Japanese rights. That was one of the causes which ultimately led to the Manchurian conflagration of September, 1931.

Replying to an interpellation from a member of the "Lower House" as to whether the Japanese Government intended to declare a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East, Mr. Koki Hirota, Foreign Minister, said: "Japan never had a man named Monroe." The statement may sound facetious, but it was made in earnest and had a serious meaning. Writers and speakers, both Japanese and foreign, apply the term "Monroe Doctrine" to the policy of self-protection which Japan, evidently, is desirous of enunciating, but that is only for the sake of convenience. The analogy should not be carried too far, because the traditions, circumstances and surroundings of one nation are seldom the same as those of another. Only in broad outline is there a similarity between the Monroe Doctrine and its Eastern "counterpart." For one thing, the geographical scope of the desired Japanese policy is much more restricted than the American doctrine. Primarily and essentially it is motivated by a desire to establish a normal, peaceful relation-

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ship with Japan's immediate neighbor, China, unobstructed by the influence or interference of a third party or parties, well-meaning or ill-intentioned. She is convinced that once China frees herself from what Mr. Lattimore picturesquely but fitly calls the Great Wall tradition of diplomacy—the diplomacy of playing off one "barbarian" nation against another—the two nations will have no difficulty in ushering in a new age of harmony between them. I am fully aware that the American Government, under the enlightened leadership of President Roosevelt, has of late modified its Caribbean policy and has renounced its right of armed intervention, except, of course, under the general principle of international law. We hail this as an expression of the New Deal. Japan does not believe in wanton intervention. She has made honest efforts to avoid intervention, though grave situations have at times obliged her to act against her own desire. She hopes and believes that once the powers recognize her position in the Far East, similar to that which they have conceded to the United States in the Western hemisphere, her relations with China can be made so satisfactory that there will be no need of intervention.

Many a Western critic labors to conjure up the Japanese bogie regarding the Philippines—a thankless task, for Japan has never harbored sinister ambitions in that direction. Nor is the so-called Japanese Monroe Doctrine contemplated with a view to the American position in those islands, or, for that matter, the positions of European nations to the south and west of the Philippines. In this connection the following quotation from one of the late President Roosevelt's confidential papers may be read with profit:

> In speaking of some pro-Russians in America who would have the public believe that the victory of Japan would be a certain prelude to her aggression in the direction of the Philippine Islands . . . [the American] observed that Japan's only interest in the Philippines would be, in his opinion, to have those Islands governed by a strong and friendly nation like the United States, and not to have them placed either under the misrule of the natives, yet unfit for self-government, or in the hands of some unfriendly European Power. Count Katsura confirmed in the strongest terms the correctness of his views on the point and positively stated that Japan does not harbor any aggressive designs whatever on the Philippines; adding that all the insinuations of the Yellow Peril type are nothing more or less than malicious and clumsy slanders calculated to do mischief to Japan.

This conversation between Count Katsura, then Japan's Prime Minister, and Mr. Taft, then *en route* to the Philippines as Governor-General, took place in Tokyo in July, 1905, and was contained in the confidential memorandum submitted to President Roosevelt by Mr. Taft. Today Japan's attitude toward the Philippines as emphatically expressed by Count Katsura in 1905 still holds good. In the now certain event of Philippine independence and of American withdrawal from the Islands, Japan, I am sure, would readily enter into any effective arrangement calculated to safeguard their independence and integrity.

VI

I have alluded to the Open Door Doctrine. The allusion calls for elucidation, for the Open Door as applied to China has become a fetish, an object of blind worship, to which some, unthinkingly, are willing to sacrifice even the blood of their nation. What is this strange god?

Thirty-five years ago Lord Charles Beresford made a tour of inspection in the Far East in the interest of British

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chambers of commerce. Speaking in Shanghai he said that the Open Door was of no use "unless the room inside is in order." The implication was that there was little use in opening the doors of China unless and until China had put her house in order, so that foreigners could live there without molestation, and that foreign trade and foreign economic enterprise could be promoted with safety. In Tokyo Lord Beresford went so far as to ask: "Why should not the Japanese officers try to put the Chinese army in order, on the understanding that China will keep the door open?" He thought that to open China's door in her existing state at that time was to open Pandora's box. Yet, thirty-five years ago, China was united—it had an undisputed central government, the Manchu Dynasty, whose authority still extended to all the provinces. If, even then, Lord Beresford believed the Open Door to be of little practical value, what shall we say about the Open Door today when everybody knows that China's internal condition is immeasurably worse? There is no need of painting a picture of China's multitudinous woes —her internecine internal strife, her organized brigandage, the rebellion of her Communists, her recurrent anti-foreign agitation, etc. The sad picture is by now fairly familiar.

Wu Ting-fang, that delightful pundit, long Minister to Washington, said some forty years ago that an inch added to every Chinese shirt tail would keep the whole world's cotton mills busy. China's internal condition has since driven her masses to poverty so severe that many have but rags to cover their backs. As Mr. Hamilton Butler, for years American Consul in China, has said in this magazine, America, after having traded with China for almost a century and a half, did with that populous country even in the peak year of 1929 a total business of only $291,000,000. "That," continues Mr. Butler, "works out to about sixty-five cents per capita of 450,000,000 Chinese. After having traded with Japan for about three-quarters of a century, we did with that far less populous country in the same year a business worth $690,000,000. That was equivalent to more than ten dollars per capita of 65,000,000 Japanese. Take our exports alone. The Japanese bought American goods in 1929 to the value of four dollars for every mother's son of them. If the Chinese had done as much, we should have sold them products of American labor to the total value of $1,800,000,000. Actually we sold them $124,000,000 worth." Then Mr. Butler pays Japan this tribute so glowing that it makes the Japanese blush:

> The difference between our trade with Japan and that with China is the difference between dealing with an energetic, alert and orderly nation and with a nation whose development is retarded and whose buying power is dissipated by self-seeking and unscrupulous political exploiters.
>
> Americans and Chinese would both profit by our recognizing what is patently true, that Japan is doing more to open China's door to a more extensive intercourse with the rest of the world than all of our diplomacy from John Hay down has succeeded in doing. A rational view of the Chino-Japanese situation is this: if we want China to become united and strong, as we say we do, Japan's aggressive action will bring that about, if anything can.

Much has been made of American investments, actual and potential, in China. Yet, according to Mr. Frederick Field, who has made a thorough-going study of the subject, the loans to China held by Americans in 1930 amounted to a little over forty million dollars, of which the old Consortium group had

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been responsible for about one-fifth. The bulk of the rather meagre American investments in China is not in loans but in business investments, in the form of automobile agencies, shipping companies, public utilities, banking, real estate, and most important of all, import and export enterprise." Mr. Field gives a real picture of American investments in and American trade with China in these words:

> For individual interests, such as the Standard Oil Company or the British-American Tobacco Company, the balance sheet probably shows a profit, but it does not follow that the general balance sheet for American enterprise in China does likewise. On the credit side put a yield on a $200,000,000 investment at from 6 to 7 per cent a year—and you would be generous in doing so—and add to this whatever profits accrued to those engaged in trade; in the debit column allocate a fair portion of naval expenses, the cost of maintaining marines in China, the cost of consular and diplomatic offices, chambers of commerce, a goodly portion of the Far Eastern Division of the State Department, certain shipping subsidies, the cost of administering America's end of the Consortium—add the two columns, and what have you?

What have you indeed? Nothing but a deficit. No profitable business can be built up in a society where every foreign merchant relies for his safety upon so many marines or soldiers from his own country.

Between 1907 and 1917 American capital was smitten with a desire to launch railway and other construction enterprises in China. Mr. Willard Straight wanted to build a 700-mile line in Manchuria, and to improve the old "Grand Canal" through Shantung. Certain other interests launched railway projects in other parts of China. The Americans might well congratulate themselves upon the fact that all such projects were for various reasons foredoomed. Study the long list of foreign-financed, foreign-built railways in China and see if you can find any one of the important lines which has not gone into default, because of their arbitrary seizure by warring Chinese militarists. The only exception is the Japanese-financed railways in Manchuria, because Japan, by reason of her geographical proximity, is in a position effectively to protect them.

Let us note a few of the unhappy examples of American business ventures in the Chinese field. The Siems-Carey Company, of New York, in 1917 or thereabouts, got a railway concession in China and spent something like $2,500,000 on one thing or another in connection with it, only to find that the concession contract was of little value. The Continental & Commercial Bank of Chicago contracted for a loan of $30,000,000 to the Chinese Government, and actually handed over to it $5,000,000 only to discover that the security given by China had already been earmarked for the service of a French loan. The Pacific Development Company signed a similar loan agreement with the Chinese Government and handed over to it $5,000,000. Needless to say, these loans went into default almost as soon as they were made, though the creditors are still hoping that some day, somehow, they may get the money back. The American International Corporation got a silver mining concession in Yunnan province, and invested $2,500,000 of American gold in it. The result? Between never-ceasing squeezes of the local Chinese officials and the visits of bandits, all too frequent to be agreeable to the concessionaire, the Company threw up the sponge and got out. Not a

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cent of that handsome investment has been recovered.

VII

Surprising as all this may appear it really is not surprising when so neutral an observer as Mr. Silas H. Strawn describes China's condition in this discouraging language:

There are 7,000 miles of railroad in China, compared with 265,000 miles in the United States. On account of cheap labor, the operating ratio of the Chinese railroads to their earnings is less than in any other country. The tonnage available for transportation is very large. While in other countries the earnings of the railroads go first to the payment of employes and operating expenses and then the net to the owners, in China all of the earnings of the railroads are taken by the war lords. The official report of the Chinese minister of communications to the chief executive in September, 1925, states that more than 180 million dollars or, with interest, more than 250 millions of the earnings of the Chinese railroads have been taken by the militarists since the foundation of the Republic—thirteen years. All of the railroads in China are now absolutely controlled by the military. When the equipment is not being used for the movement or billeting of troops its use is sold by the war lords to the unfortunate shippers at outrageous rates. The usual "squeeze" for the use of freight cars is $5 per ton, in addition to the freight rate. Thus, to obtain the use of a 40-ton car from Tientsin to Peking, a distance of about 90 miles, the shipper is held up for $200, plus the regular freight.

The American Legation at Peking last summer arranged to buy its winter supply of coal from a mine about twenty miles from Peking. The railroad was under the control of Wu Pei-fu, the then dominant war lord. His underlings demanded a "squeeze" of $2 per ton for the use of cars to move the coal. In addition, the Legation must pay Wu $25 per car, and the village where this general was quartered demanded $1.80 per car additional "squeeze." This episode was more aggravating when it is known that the cars and locomotives to move the coal had been furnished to the Chinese Government by American builders and have not yet been paid for, the debt being several years in default. The unfortunate vendors have no lien on the equipment and by reason of military domination could not enforce it if they had. . . .

No attention is paid to maintenance of way, or equipment. All of the equipment owned by the Chinese Government railways is rapidly becoming useless because of lack of repairs. Loans upon the several railroads are defaulting as rapidly as they mature. The result, therefore, seems inevitable—unless conditions soon change it will not be long before the railroads of China must cease operation and the unfortunate people will be compelled to go back to the barrow or pack their freight upon their backs. Most of the camels, donkeys, and cattle of the patient, industrious farmers have already been taken by the soldiers.

These words were spoken in October, 1926, that is, almost five years after the Washington Conference, where China pledged herself to improve her internal condition, to give foreign nations the fullest opportunity for legitimate trade and enterprise, and to observe all foreign obligations. The Chinese delegates, at that conference, recorded their Government's "intention and capacity to protect the lives and property of foreigners in China" and its "earnest desire to bring her judicial system into accord with that of Western nations." The powers, on their part, filled with zeal for "adventures in liberalism," readily conceded to China "the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity" for self-development. In other words, the Washington agreements constituted a compact of mutual forbearance and mutual self-denial between China and the powers. On the one hand, they put China on probation, and on the other, they enjoined the powers to remain sympathetic to China, while China was putting her house in order. Perhaps the Conference, as J. O. P. Bland, that well-known British authority on China, says, "overlooked the notorious fact

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that the widespread and increasing rapacity of the new mandarinate constitutes in itself an insuperable obstacle to the production of that effective government" which the conference piously hoped would appear in China. Mr. Bland goes so far as to assert that the powers at the Washington Conference, ignoring China's actual condition, social, political and economic, sowed the wind and have reaped the whirlwind. How fiercely it has since blown throughout the length and breadth of China, "only those know," he says, "who have seen with their own eyes the abomination of desolation that has been wrought" in the years following the historic Conference. It is not for me to say whether or not Mr. Bland overdid his picture, but it is a picture which no honest student of the China of today can overlook.

VIII

Japan signed the Washington agreement with mingled hope and apprehension. She hoped that China would live up to her end of the bargain, but was apprehensive that such might never happen. It took her only a few years to be disillusioned. She had made all possible concessions at the Washington Conference, and she lost no time in fulfilling all the obligations she had incurred. She withdrew her troops from Hankow. She gave up to China the former German rights in Shantung to which she had fallen heir as a result of the World War. She relinquished certain railway and other privileges even in Manchuria.

Meanwhile, what of China? I am reluctant to tell the story of her treaty violations and of her encroachments upon Japan's legitimate rights and interests—a story which would fill a voluminous book. A few instances, however, may be instructive. Take the Shantung Railway for one. At the Washington Conference China proposed to buy that property outright. Dr. Wellington Koo, one of the Chinese delegates, solemnly declared that the Chinese people, out of patriotic motives, would raise the necessary fund to pay cash for the whole amount required. Whereupon Japan transferred the railway to China, who, in turn, agreed to reimburse to Japan the actual value of the property, 40,000,000 yen, in Chinese Government notes running for a period of fifteen years, but redeemable at China's option at the end of five years from the date of the delivery of the said notes. The five-year period closed at the end of 1927, yet Japan has never seen a Chinese penny for the redemption of the notes, despite Dr. Koo's positive declaration at the Washington Conference. Not only this, but China failed to pay even interest on the notes, except in the first three years. In the chronic civil war, which swooped down upon Shantung soon after Japanese withdrawal, most of the rolling stock was commandeered by the war lords. In October, 1925, and again in March, 1928, freight cars of the Shantung Railway were diverted from ordinary traffic to military purposes, completely paralyzing the trade of the Province.

Even more serious were treaty violations in Manchuria. In Manchuria the Chinese authorities prohibited, in violation of the 1915 treaty, the lease of land to the Japanese for commercial and agricultural purposes. The local war lord, encouraged by the Nanking Government, built parallel lines to the Japanese-owned South Manchurian Railway, which was a plain violation

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of a protocol to the 1905 Peking treaty. The more important of other treaty violations may be enumerated thus: (1) a refusal to carry out the agreement for the construction of a railway from Kirin to the Korean border; (2) discrimination, in violation of the Washington Nine-Power Treaty, against Japanese goods on the Chinese railways in Manchuria; (3) refusal, in disregard of a 1909 agreement, to negotiate for the adoption of regulations concerning Sino-Japanese joint mining enterprise along the South Manchurian Railway; (4) issuance, in violation of the 1915 treaty, of a secret administrative order making it impossible for the Japanese to reside and travel outside the South Manchurian Railway Zone; (5) officially encouraged persecution of the Koreans in violation of the 1909 agreement; (6) depriving the Japanese traffic managers and accountants on Japanese-financed railways in Manchuria of the authority of supervision provided in the loan agreements; (7) official misappropriation of the receipts of the Japanese-financed railways, resulting in non-payment on the service of the Japanese loans. And so on *ad infinitum*. In short, between the Washington Conference and the Manchurian incident of September, 1931, in China, and especially in Manchuria, treaty violation was the rule and treaty observance the exception.

Any world order founded upon such advanced systems as the League of Nations and upon such ideals as that of the Peace Pact presupposes the capacity, the ability and the willingness of all nations, great and small, to observe foreign obligations and to conduct their foreign relations in conformity to the generally accepted standards of civilization. When this assumption fails such a world order is bound to suffer. Hence the tragedy of Geneva following upon the Manchurian incident. When a country, so great in area and population as China, acts towards its immediate neighbor in the spirit of the naughty boy who imposes upon the indulgence of his parents, it is difficult to see how such a world scheme can be successfully maintained. Obviously no power can be expected to be forever lenient toward a neighbor, who, thinking that the League Covenant and the Peace Pact put a ban upon forcible measures as a means of enforcing treaty stipulations, wilfully ignores foreign obligations, deliberately violates treaties, perpetuates civil war merely to advance selfish purposes of the militarists and politicians, commits foreign life and property to the tender mercy of organized banditry, fosters anti-foreignism through official encouragement, and makes itself generally obnoxious. In the community of individuals a man who acts in the spirit and manner of this misbehaved nation may be clapped into jail. Fortunately or unfortunately, there is no jail for wayward nations, and the best we can do is to make them realize, somehow, that good behavior and faithful fulfilment of obligations are the most effective guaranty of their own interests.

The temple of peace, if it is not to be only a mirage, must be built, not upon the shifting sands of illusion and make-believe, but upon the enduring foundations of reality and demonstrated facts.

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The New Meaning of Revolution

By Ludwig Lewisohn

Human wretchedness in Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia and Fascist Italy has still to teach young idealists that modern revolution has lost the romantic flavor

They talk of revolution, many of the young men and women of our time; they talk of it and dream of it out of their restlessness or idleness or metaphysical hopelessness, and about the sound and associations of the word revolution, especially in the English-speaking countries and in France, there lingers something brave and adventurous, something almost of devoutness and of the love of mankind. There were the pikemen of Cromwell and the dancers who danced when the Bastille fell and the "embattled farmers" who "fired the shot heard round the world." And I shrewdly suspect that many of the young men and women, especially in America, who talk so glibly about revolution have these idyllic notions and associations in their bones even when they repeat the modern phraseology about the twilight of individualism, the public ownership of the means of production, even, unhappily, when they utter the word dictatorship and feel subconsciously, at least, that *they* will be among the minority in power and not among those who starve without food-cards or wear out their lives in Arctic settlements or in unwholesome islands or are beaten to death with rubber truncheons in concentration camps.

Some day, perhaps, the history of all revolutions will be rewritten in the light of contemporary experience and the glory of even the best of them will be tarnished. But civilized and humane people who talk of revolution today or play into the hands of revolutionary agitators of any kind are taking upon themselves the most fearful of conceivable responsibilities and are confused romantics who will not face the iron music of contemporary facts. They have never —assuming them to have any rags of civilization or ordinary humanity left— imaginatively studied or envisaged the unvarying pattern and practical results of Twentieth Century revolution. For had they done so they would at least, granting them the sincerity of their conviction that for America too revolutionary changes are inevitable, have sought to dissociate both their ideology and their tactics from the appalling collapse of civilization that has taken place in Russia and in Germany.

Human character is still the decisive

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element in life and can mitigate the worst of horrors. Therefore, no sane man will insult Stalin and his colleagues or Mussolini and his by comparing them to the murderers and perverts who are making the German name a stench in the nostrils of mankind. Nevertheless it must be understood with the utmost clarity that the patterns of the Russian, the Italian Fascist and the German Nazi revolutions are one hundred per cent identical. The representatives of a minority seize power by force. (The election, so to speak, of Hitler and his gang was in part fraudulent and in part due to strictly socialistic promises promptly repudiated.) This minority is fanatically given over to an ideology, a set of principles, pseudo-scientific in Russia, a farrago of savage myths in Germany. This ideology is identified with absolute truth and with the power of the state. A prolonged and ruthless terror sets in. Proscription is the order of the day. Opposition is stamped out with an iron heel. Atrocities are perpetrated which both for number and horror make the cruelties of the Inquisition pale into insignificance. But they are committed on exactly the same principle as were those of the Inquisition, namely, that the revolutionaries are in possession of absolute truth and hence have the right to murder the dissident or heretic. I am not talking about a resistance, however harsh, to actual sabotage of any *de facto* régime, but of the fact that both the Russian and the German revolutionaries sought and are seeking to exterminate whole classes of their fellow men, as householders exterminate noxious vermin. Inevitably, too, the best and bravest and wisest, the free and luminous spirits are bound to be—especially in Germany—among the exterminated. The dull crowd will shout the new shouts and run after another flag. It is the free man who must die. It is the creative forces in human civilization that are doomed.

It is possible today to disregard completely the merits of any case or of any ideology. In Communist utopianism there is *on paper* much that appeals to any generous heart; amid their bloody myths and screaming falsehoods the so-called thinkers of National Socialism will be found to have emphasized some neglected aspects of reality. But whatever element of truth or good there is in any revolutionary ideology of today has been invalidated and defiled and rendered intolerable by the assumption of an absoluteness that is enforced by starvation and exile and murder in torture-chambers. It is the psychical pattern and the resultant tactics of contemporary revolution that make it the unspeakable menace that it has become. It is no longer the content of the revolutionary ideologies that is worth debating. It is this type and kind of revolution that must be resisted if we are not all to become quite literally filthy savages in the howling wilderness of a desolate earth.

What now has made this type and kind of revolution possible is again, let us not forget, the machine. When a tyrant had in his pay men with pikes, the people's smiths could make pikes for them and the tyrant could be resisted and perhaps overthrown. But any minority which in this age has possession of the heavy industries of a country, and hence a monopoly of bombing planes, machine guns and poison gases, can subdue a free citizenry to abject slavery for an indefinite period. The hope of counter-revolution is almost extinct. Hence any one who lives under a government like that of the United

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States, which has not yet gone mad with authoritarianism, and who nevertheless foments revolution in the contemporary sense, helps to destroy civilization and sells his children into slavery. Among us workers can still strike. Can they strike in Russia or Germany or Italy? The NRA acknowledges the right of collective bargaining. The rights of free speech and free assembly, though often impinged upon, have never been abolished among us. They do not exist in the revolutionary countries over which broods the stealthy hush of terror and enslavement. It is forever right that the young and the generous should seek to enlarge the boundaries of freedom and of justice. But they can do so only on the basis of our own traditions. So soon as they speak in the name of any contemporary revolution they sell out and defeat their own ends. I am surprised that the interference of Communist defense committees was not even more disastrous than it proved to be in the Scottsboro case. For in the Soviet Republics whole classes of society are far more cruelly declassed and hopelessly outlawed than any race or class in America.

It is all so largely a matter of the treachery of words. "The dictatorship of the proletariat," say the young and romantic or the old and sentimental and each one converts those words into his private Utopia. They do not stop to think that, since the proletariat is only a part of the citizenry, its dictatorship would be an intolerable injustice. But that is not all. It can never in fact be the proletariat that assumes the dictatorship, but a group of energetic and ruthless authoritarians who do so in its name. So soon as that group has seized power the proletarian is as stripped of all human rights as the bourgeois. If he gets food-cards and the intellectual does not, it is thanks to a policy on which he has no shadow of influence. It is notorious that every effort is made in Russia to restrict party membership and that Communist tacticians attribute the triumph of Hitler to the unwieldy size of the German Communist party. In brief, the Communist and the Fascist ideal, the contemporary revolutionary ideal is one: the dictatorship neither of the proletariat nor of the ethnic folk, but of a limited, all-powerful oligarchy ready to stamp out any resistance in dirt and blood.

II

The looseness of thought and failure in imagination displayed in the use of revolutionary terminology may be more strikingly illustrated by a far milder example. People not so very far to the Left will calmly propose the "public ownership of the means of production." Now "public" is a fine word with libertarian associations. But in the context it happens to be dangerously treacherous. For who would actually possess and control the means of production? The state. And when people say "the state," they are once more mythologizing and not thinking. For the state, that most menacing of abstractions, is actually Mr. X. and Mr. Y. and Mr. Z.—fallible human beings with inhibitions, compensatory mechanisms and stomach-aches and blind prejudices, all of which they take seriously under the vertigo of authority and which they will be ready to ram down your innocent throat and mine. These gentlemen, whether called Mr. or Comrade, will control the means of production; hence they will also control distribution. To whom will they distribute what? To whom are food-

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cards given in Russia? Who is permitted to work and not starve in Germany? The henchmen, the yes-sayers, the unscrupulous opportunists and the brutal mob. In brief, we should all be dependent for our very lives upon our slavish obedience to a group of men whose minds and characters, whose notions and policies might be utterly repulsive to us. Their iron heel would be on our bodies; it would also be on our souls. For the means of production include printing-presses which print books and school-books and newspapers. Luckily we need not speculate on what would happen. We know. There are no newspapers in our sense in either Russia or Germany; there are sheets that repeat what the oligarchs tell them to repeat; the school-books in both countries make no pretense to objectivity of knowledge. They are the catechisms of authoritarian mythologies. Thus stupefaction of the mind is added to enslavement of the body and "universal darkness covers all."

Hot young Communists will reply that these evils exist under capitalism in America. The very fact that they are able so emphatically to make their declarations disproves their point. No one criticizes the existing régime in Russia; it is far too dangerous; people whisper behind closed doors in Germany, for any criticism of the régime means death by slow torture. No *New Republic* exists in either Russia or Germany; no New School of Social Research, nor Rand School, nor universities freely administered by sociological and religious groups widely divided in philosophy and purpose; there is no freedom of study or teaching or research or thought. Not any. There is nothing that is humane left under the contemporary revolutionary dictatorships, for the humane means freedom, flexibility, progress by trial and error, room for the expansive energies of the soul of man. Of all these there is an ample and a not decreasing measure, except in time of war, in America. Let us by all means increase that measure; let us guard, if the world will permit us —no impossibility, since we are not likely to be directly attacked—against a recurrence of the conscription of life. Let us strive for a more scrupulous treatment of the racial and cultural minorities—the Jews, the Negroes—who are integral parts of the American people. But let us do so in the name of the American past and of the libertarian tradition of America, not in the name of those sinister absolutisms that cloak their tyranny under the name of revolution.

It has frequently been suggested in recent months, especially in Europe, that the present Administration's methods toward national economic recovery are Fascist in character and that hence America is swinging toward a revolution of the right. But this observation, when it is not downright malicious and proceeds from either Fascist or Communist quarters, is plainly stupid. For the curse of both fascism and communism is in the ideologies of the movements, in the assumption that these ideologies are absolute truth in the name of which men can be first silenced and then slaughtered. Were fascism and communism merely the names of two economic techniques imposed in time of unemployment and crisis, it is evident that their interference with the profounder processes of human life would be limited to the jailing of a few recalcitrants or rogues. There would be no colony of exiles nor concentration camps nor torture chambers. These

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things exist because evil men have taken it into their heads to be gods and have therefore—it never fails—succeeded in being devils. This is both sound psychology and sound theology. The absurdity of stigmatizing the present Administration as Fascist can be well illustrated by the amusing supposition that some one were to propose to Mr. Roosevelt either that Mr. Ford and his family should be transported to a labor camp in Alaska and slowly starved into submission or that Mr. Norman Thomas and his associates should be taken to West Point and there beaten to death by the cadets with steel whips and rubber cudgels. The mixture of hilarity and horror with which Mr. Roosevelt would receive such a suggestion toward the carrying out of his economic policy illustrates at once how infinitely far we are from the Communist-Fascist complex of brutal imposition of this devil worship or that. The American tradition of liberty, of flexibility, of the dangers of the undue concentration of authority and the necessary checks upon it is not dead; the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is likely to strengthen it; other signs of its survival, despite isolated concrete instances of the use of blind force, are not absent. In view of the lapse into barbarism of one European nation after another and the portentous human suffering involved, it is the manifest duty of every American to clarify his tradition and to re-ally himself with it—the tradition which in its moral consciousness, whatever were the economic co-determinants, did fight four years to abolish slavery and did invite to our shores the oppressed and disinherited of the earth. It would be not unwholesome if those who clamored for revolution in America today would be forced to live as non-party members on paper rubles in Moscow or with Nazi Storm Troopers in Berlin. They would soon discover that a margin of liberty and the possibility of self-respect were better than complete enslavement and hopeless degradation.

This hankering for the uniform and for uniformity, for obedience and self-obliteration which today goes by the name of revolution but which is in reality a negation of the civilizing process has once or twice before played its strange rôle in history. There was, as every schoolboy used to know, a Greek state named Sparta. After a few successes it failed even in war, in the exercise of the one thing toward which all the energies of that state had been directed. Culturally it was sterile throughout its history. It is amusing as well as highly significant to note how in the theoretical structure of that Spartan state there were blended the notions that Communist and Fascist offer us as new and revolutionary. Lycurgus, the author of those famous Spartan laws, also seized power by striking "terror into the opposite party." In good Communist fashion he first attacked the existing inequalities of fortune, forcing the well-to-do to renounce their properties, dividing the land, forcing all men to live together on an equal footing. He invented the famous iron money which was impossible to hoard and also rendered foreign trade impossible. Thus he isolated Sparta from the other Greek states both economically and culturally, which exactly parallels the Nazi ideal of German simplicity uncorrupted by foreign influences, and reduced the state to an autonomous barbarism. Next came the ideal of the Communist kitchen and the Fascist camp and barrack. The Spartans were

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forced to feed together in public eating places and this universal enforcing of the "black broth" led to a first revolt. Hence, of course, the reflexes of the rising generation were to be conditioned, as in Russia, Italy and Germany, to endure state-slavery without a murmur. Thus the Spartans, like the Germans, went in for eugenics in order that only stupid state-slaves should be conceived and born and Lycurgus in good Communist-Fascist fashion declared that children were not so much property of their parents as of the whole commonwealth and so at the age of seven the children, whose begetting and birth had been arranged, were given the famous Spartan training, of which the chief care was "to make them good subjects and to teach them to endure pain and conquer in battle." But that was not all. "Their discipline," Plutarch tells us, "continued still after they were full-grown men. No one was allowed to live after his own fancy; but the city was a sort of camp" and the citizens "were to make themselves one with the public good"; they were to cluster "like bees around their commander" and "carried all but out of themselves, be devoted wholly to their country." That is a luminous picture of the Fascist-Communist ideology of the subjection of the individual and so we are not surprised to learn that, as in contemporary Russia and, since the imposition of the thousand-mark visa-fee in Germany, the Spartans were not permitted to travel beyond their boundaries and that strangers were banished lest they introduce "novelties of thought." The picture is completed when we remember the Helots, the declassed classes, analogous to bourgeois and intellectuals in Russia, to Republicans, Socialists and Jews in Germany, against whom, on their assumption of office, the chief Spartan bureaucrats "used to declare war," because it had been determined "that they might be massacred without a breach of religion."

Does no one read Plutarch any more? Are our young and older shouters for revolution totally ignorant of the history of the race? The pagans made gods of their tyrants and free men and Jews were slaughtered then as now because they would not worship the deified emperors. The Christian doctrine of the divine right of kings was an enormous advance over the deified tyrant; it acknowledged the fact that no man is good enough to rule his fellows and therefore persuaded men that the king's mandate was from God. Now we are to be thrown back to pre-Christian slavery and the tyrant, deified as the state, is to tread us under once more. And that is called revolution.

III

The notion of the state as absolute master and of the citizen as mere slave was deeply rooted in even the noblest minds of paganism. When Crito came at dawn into the prison of Socrates and begged him to save his life by flight, Socrates laid down the eternally true premise that "neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off evil by evil is ever right." But he elaborated sophistically and dangerously to the effect that since the citizen was the state's "child and slave" any resistance to the state, any attempt to improve it and force it to be just, was "evil." He went so far as to use the crudest arguments of the hundred-per-center such as this, that if you did not like the laws of the state under which you lived, you should go elsewhere, an argument which shuts the

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door on all hope, all amelioration and can be used to justify the cruelest and darkest tyranny.

That absolute authority is evil and that no man is good enough to rule his fellows—this central idea of fundamental Christianity, of genuine democracy and of the highest documents of the English-speaking races from Milton's *Areopagitica* to Thoreau's *An Essay on Civil Disobedience*—this idea meets us first in all the annals of the human race in the record of the half-barbarous age of the ancient Hebrews. Because Gideon had defeated the Midianites at *Ain Charod* the men of Israel said to him: "Rule thou over us, both thou and thy son and thy son's son." But Gideon answered: "I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you: Yaveh shall rule over you." The great idea was enunciated. The majority was not ripe for it but played the harlot to idols and to kings. But a great idea does not die and it was Jotham, the youngest son of Gideon who on Mount Gerizim spoke that immortal parable concerning the trees who desired to elect a king to rule over them. And the olive-tree refused and the fig-tree refused and the vine refused, for each had something to do more pleasing to God and man than to wave over the other trees. It was the barren thorn that consented to be king over the trees.

The great idea marched on. The elders of Israel came to Samuel at Ramah and asked him to give them a king such as the other nations had. And Samuel warned them by means of an extremely realistic description of what a king would do to them, of what the authoritarian state in its unchecked arrogance has always done and will always do and ended his warning with words that every self-styled American revolutionary of today should take to heart: "And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king whom ye shall have chosen; and Yaveh will not answer you on that day." No, if a dictatorship of the Right or of the Left were to swing its whip over us, having destroyed the human rights of owner and worker, of learned and simple alike, and spies were to cover the land and each man to tremble before his neighbor and every heretic even to be in labor or concentration camps, it would be useless to call on man or God on that day.

In the age of the prophets this great and fundamental idea of the necessary freedom of Western man had attained its perfect and permanent form, namely that human authority derives its mandate from its moral quality alone and that the test of that moral quality and hence of that authority itself is in the people whom it presumes to rule. Zedekiah, the king himself, sent messengers to Jeremiah begging him to reverse his defeatist views. Jeremiah refused. The moral baseness of the régime had, according to him, destroyed its authority. The king imprisoned him in the court of the guard at Jerusalem. Jeremiah continued to denounce and to negate the authority of the state. The exact proportion of historic fact in these Biblical narratives does not touch the argument at all, precisely as it is not touched by the consideration whether a man named Crito did in these terms urge the historic Socrates to flee or whether the Plutarchian account of the laws of Sparta squares with those immemorial realities. The peoples—and this is the point—imagine their myths and their histories in accordance with their characters. Men's ideals and beliefs speak

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for what they are and for what they desire. The deification of the state and the reduction of the individual to unresisting subservience is a pagan notion and a pagan principle and those who return to it seek to destroy that Judæo-Christian ethic which is the mother of freedom and of the concept of human personality. Of all the nations who peopled the Roman Empire the Jews alone refused to set up statues of the emperors in their places of worship; of all the Eastern sectaries who arose in that empire the Christians alone preferred death to pouring out libations to those statues. No wonder that the Soviets frown on the cultivation of Hebrew and on the practice of both Jewish and Christian liberties; no wonder that the Nazis yearn for Thor and Wotan and persecute the people of Jeremiah and of Jesus. Revolution today means state-slavery and the return to a paganism that has no roses on its brow but an iron lash in its hand.

The sense of kinship which the men of the greatest political age of the English people felt with the judges of Israel and the prophets was no accidental one. Nor was it an accident that Milton identified the liberties and rebellions of the Old Testament with that "Christian liberty" of which Paul spoke. From these sources and the reflections to which they give rise Milton drew those principles of political thinking which are eternal because they are rooted in the nature of man. "How shall the licensors themselves be confided in"—and for licensors of books substitute any who assume unchecked rule over their fellow men—"unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness." Well, that is what the dictators of both the Right and the Left do: they assume to themselves the grace of infallibility, even as Nero did and Caligula and Torquemada. With that one sentence Milton destroys once and for all the fallacy and downright brutishness that is hidden in such hollow contemporary words as the authoritarian or totalitarian state. They had that state in Egypt and Babylon and later on in Sparta. Shall the prophets of Israel and the founders of Christianity have saved us from it in vain?

Things have come to such a pass that a rational man might well sympathize today with those simple Americans who have an instinctive aversion from both communism and fascism as being "foreign." The instinct is a sound one. They are foreign to both of the closely allied religions of the West, Judaism and Christianity; they are foreign to the spirit of the libertarian traditions of the English-speaking peoples. "How many other things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another? I fear this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks." These words of Milton are not only sound religion and sound politics. They are more than that. They strike deep at the nature of things. Even old Herbert Spencer knew enough to know that evolution, that all true progress, proceeds from uniformity to multiformity or, as he put it, from homogeneity to heterogeneity. It is so in the world of organic life; it is so in the world of social organization; it is so in the entire world of the human spirit. The ultimate reflections of science and the honest observation of un-

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learned men are at one on that point. That society is a civilized one in which all kinds and varieties of human personality and character can function freely and in peace. Let it not be objected that I omit the economic problem. No sane man objects to state measures that remain strictly within the realm of economics. But the so-called revolutionaries are bent on making robots of us all. If they succeed in that attempt, whether the slogans and quarter-truths be those of the Left or of the Right and turn the Western world into a universal Sparta and Cæsarean Rome, they are but laying up the blood and tears of truer revolutions for their posterity. It is our children or our children's children who will have to destroy the monsters of authoritarianism and rebuild both Athens and Jerusalem.

Poem

By Elizabeth Jane Astley

TONIGHT the iris blossoms shall be witness to the moon for
the first time
For they were born out under the dawn when the sun was a
hidden geranium on red sky,
Dripping pink leaves on the green of a deep hill basket
where my feet went
Naked against the earth, remembering dusk, remembering dark,
remembering stars.
Tonight the iris blossoms shall be witness to the moon for
the first time.
How candidly then shall their orchid and silver bodies be
transmitting
Sun to dew globules, day to intimate twilight stipulating
loveliness.
How unsuspectingly then shall their little cradles of warmth
be all won over
To the cool ethereal transparency of the moon.
I have come a long way out of the morning, out of the noon,
out of the sunset,
To watch the little iris cups the while the moon pours balm
of unearthliness into them,
To watch the little translucent cups of the iris
Ache in the moonlight.

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Uncle Sam, the Junkman

By William P. Black

Secretary Wallace said that America must choose between lowering her tariffs and relinquishing her export trade, but a sillier course has been found

From a dignified gentleman with striped trousers, a star-spangled vest and a high hat, our Uncle Sam is in grave danger of degenerating into something more nearly resembling a junkman. There was a time when his interest in metals went no further than a desire to hold a fair working supply of gold, the accepted medium for settling international accounts. In recent years, however, he has become the hoarder of an entirely disproportionate share of the world's gold stocks. Now he is buying up silver as well. And already there are indications that before long he will be adding copper, lead, zinc, tin, nickel and manganese to the piles of gold and silver in his junk yard.

At first glance, it might appear somewhat far fetched to liken a collector of such allegedly precious metals as gold and silver to a junkman. Junk, in the colloquial sense, at least, is something of little value. Gold and silver, on the other hand, have generally been thought of as highly valuable. Both metals, however, have this in common with junk: their value depends largely on what they can be exchanged for.

Now, there have been a great many reasons advanced to justify large-scale silver-buying by the United States Treasury. Senators from Montana, Nevada, Utah and the other producing States have used ingenious if frequently contradictory arguments. Some have said that a higher silver price was necessary in order to bring about a more abundant life for the Chinese. Others have rejected the pretense of altruism and have held that high silver prices would remove the menace of cheap Oriental exports in the world markets.

The real urge behind the long campaign of the Senators of the silver-producing States has probably been the simple desire of these gentlemen to hold their jobs. Unless they had fought a good fight for silver, their chances of reëlection by their silver-minded constituencies would be fairly thin. There is, thus, little difficulty in accounting for the drive of the Rocky Mountain Senators.

Less obvious are the reasons why Senators from South Carolina, Oklahoma and other non-silver-producing States should have joined in the battle for government silver-buying. If all they had wanted were inflation, quicker results could have been obtained by ordering the retirement of government

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bonds by paper currency, a greater unbalancing of the Federal budget or a further devaluation of the dollar. Instead, they have talked about the shortage of gold and the need for a broader currency base.

It was this outside support that brought about the enactment of the Silver Purchase Bill. Without it, Senators of the silver States could never have achieved their victory. Their demands for something for silver would have been laughed at as they were through the long years between the depression of the 'Nineties and the economic collapse of 1929. It is, therefore, important to understand why a silver purchase programme should have carried a wider appeal in 1934 than during the relatively prosperous years between 1897 and 1929.

II

To get the picture clearly, a simile may be helpful. Let us imagine a tight-fisted super-junkman of large income and the creditor of most of his neighbors. Assume that he was able to withdraw from the market the greater part of the floating supply of steel scrap. As he carried on his purchasing, the market price of scrap would, of course, advance. It would ultimately reach a point so high that the steel business, which requires a constant supply of scrap, would be threatened with ruin.

To continue buying would jeopardize the business on which the value of our super-junkman's hoard depends. To sell would lower the market price and with it the apparent value of the accumulated hoard. In this crisis, the junkman has a bright idea. He decides to hold his steel scrap and apply his income to the purchase of broken bottles, figuring that by withdrawing a huge quantity of scrap glass from the market he can run its price up as he did the price of steel scrap and thereby make himself richer than ever.

In much the same manner, Uncle Sam, having boosted the value of gold through his hoarding, has now reached the first crisis of the super-junkman. To continue his purchases might ruin the gold business, i.e., the use of gold for settling international accounts. To dump his supplies on the world markets would break gold values and, incidentally, call for such a sudden intake of other nations' goods that a bad case of indigestion would probably result.

In this emergency, Uncle Sam turns to silver as the super-junkman turned to broken bottles. As the junkman refused to spend his income on the good things of life and continued to dun his hard-pressed neighbors for interest on money loaned them, so does Uncle Sam decline to spend his international income on usable imported articles and continues his pressure for collection of his foreign loans. Each prefers hoarding to spending but each possesses an income so large that the problem soon becomes one of deciding what to hoard.

At this point, it should be useful to observe the progress Uncle Sam has made with his hoarding and to determine how far along the path of the hypothetical super-junkman he has advanced. At the end of 1913, when he was still only moderately interested in gold, Uncle Sam's holdings were valued at $1,290,420,000, with gold at $20.67 an ounce, or 26.6 per cent of the world's monetary gold reserves. Later figures, as reported by the Federal Reserve Board, show United States monetary gold stocks at the end of 1919: $2,517,722,000 or 37 per cent of the world total; at the end of 1925:

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$3,985,399,000 or 44.4 per cent of the world total; and at the end of 1931: $4,051,473,000 or 35.9 per cent of the world total (all figures based on the old gold price).

As of May 1, 1934, Uncle Sam's gold had increased to $7,756,000,000 ($4,574,500,000 on the basis of $20.67 per ounce gold) or a percentage of the world's monetary reserves again approaching forty. Not long afterwards, the decision to turn to silver was adopted at a conference between President Roosevelt and the silver leaders. Actually, a net importation of silver into this country had commenced three years ago, presumably by speculators who had anticipated the official decision. Between July 1, 1931, and June 1, 1934, the excess of silver imports over exports totaled $58,515,000, according to Department of Commerce figures.

Since the passage of the Silver Purchase Bill and the embargo on silver exports, net imports have increased at a considerably faster rate. Predictions that the purchase act would not amount to much, on account of its "permissive" character, are not being borne out. The United States Treasury, while it may not be buying silver quite as "enthusiastically" as some of the silver Senators might wish, is, nevertheless, showing a serious disposition to treat the purchase act as an order and not merely as a piece of advice.

III

The rate of buying, of course, can not be predicted with any exactitude. The only limitation likely to prevail is that purchases will be held below the point at which gold, in any considerable quantity, would have to be paid out in exchange. Such a prophecy is based on the assumption that public opinion would rebel at a large-scale exchange of gold for silver and would not permit the gold exports necessary for a rapid completion of the silver purchase programme.

A continuation of the buying of newly mined domestic silver—the bulk of which was formerly sold abroad—is assured by the President's decree of last December. Purchase of domestic speculative stocks, estimated at 250,000,000 ounces at the time of the silver bill's passage, presumably will soon be completed. The international significance of such a purchase would be the absorption by the Treasury of the approximately 150,000,000 ounces added to the domestic supply by net importations during the last three years. Its effect would be to date the beginning of Uncle Sam's buying of the world's silver back to the second six months of 1931, when the United States' silver imports began to exceed exports.

How fast silver can be purchased in the world markets without causing gold exports is a matter of guesswork. Past balances of international payments of the United States are the best guide. During the last four years, these balances have shown a net credit in the current account of $629,000,000 in 1930, $160,000,000 in 1931, $131,000,000 in 1932 and $186,000,000 in 1933, according to Department of Commerce reports.

Each of these years has yielded substantial credits for such current items as net merchandise exports and net receipts of interest and dividends, with a consistently declining credit item labeled "War Debt Receipts." Partially offsetting debit items in the current account have been net tourist expenditures, shipping and freight, immigrants' remittances, charitable contributions and

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government transactions. Fluctuating from the debit to the credit side of the balance sheet have been "Miscellaneous Current Items." The sums of all these plus and minus current items have been the net credit balances listed in the preceding paragraph.

To permit such credit balances in the current account it has been necessary that the capital account should yield a yearly debit balance. In 1930, as in the preceding ten years, long-term loans to foreigners supplied the offsetting debits. In 1931 and 1932, a net reduction of $1,080,000,000 in foreigners' short-term balances here was the offset. In 1933, a continuation of this withdrawal plus the flight of American short-term capital abroad took care of the net credit in the current account. During the first half of 1934, the huge importation of gold was the principal means of producing the necessary debits. And now silver is being called upon to take the burden off gold.

It should be noted that silver has been treated as a commodity in past balances of international payments prepared by the Department of Commerce. Its movements have been entered under "Miscellaneous Current Items." Since the middle of 1931, therefore, it has already played a minor rôle in offsetting current credit items. Under its new status silver rightfully belongs in the capital account along with gold and currency. Future balances of international payments will undoubtedly place it there. The part of silver as a medium for collecting current credit balances will, therefore, become more clearly visible.

In view of the large imports of gold during the first half of 1934, it is possible that the prospective net credit in this year's current account has already been balanced with the needed debit in the capital account. If this is true, the immediate buying of large amounts of silver abroad would cause an export of gold. On the other hand, the return of American short-term capital to this country and the rebuilding of foreigners' short-term balances here are creating an unusually active demand for dollars. It may be that fairly heavy silver-buying will have to supplement the 1934 gold imports in order to satisfy this demand.

After the temporary flow of short-term capital—both American and foreign—to the United States has been completed, it will be possible to buy considerable quantities of silver abroad without fear of losing gold. The measuring rod for safe amounts to buy will be the expected yearly credit balances in the current account until a shortage in floating supplies has been created.

That this account will continue to show credit balances for some time to come is virtually assured by the American determination to maintain an active merchandise trade balance in spite of the nation's position as a creditor. It is this determination that is the basic reason for the success of the silverites. Without it, there would not be the excessive gold accumulation by the United States that has caused the high value of gold in terms of world commodities and the seeming shortage in the world's monetary gold stocks.

As yet there is no indication that the American public will soon be willing to sacrifice either its favorable merchandise balance or the collection of interest on foreign loans. In fact, for the first four months of 1934 the country's excess of exports over imports was nearly twice the figure for the corresponding period of 1933, and there is still a pre-

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ponderance of sentiment for collection of the War debts and a similar feeling that interest on private foreign loans can and should be paid in full.

IV

As long as the people of the United States continue to demand large exports and small imports along with the payment of foreign loans, there will be backing for schemes that oblige Uncle Sam to enlarge his activities as a junkman. With the gold business, as has been pointed out, already threatened by reason of Uncle Sam's hoarding, it remains to be seen what will happen to the silver business when the buying programme begins to function. According to Sir Arthur Salter, British economist, China would be forced off the silver standard by any appreciable advance in the price of the metal. In other words, with China as the sole important nation using silver as a currency base, there is a strong likelihood that the silver business would be threatened with ruin long before Uncle Sam completed his allotted purchase of 1,300,000,000 ounces in the world markets.

It is this which makes it probable that still other metals will eventually be added to Uncle Sam's stocks of gold and silver. The excuse for pushing the government into the purchase of copper, lead, zinc, tin, nickel or manganese would, of course, have to be a different one from the conflicting arguments used to promote the silver cause. Neither the idea of increasing the purchasing power of Orientals nor of blocking their inroads on our export trade could possibly be stretched to fit a campaign for the buying of these other metals. There is, however, a ready-made base from which to launch the attack—namely, that these are essential war materials which the United States Government should have on hand for an emergency.

In fact, a beginning has already been made along these lines. Senator Ashurst of Arizona, early in the recent session of Congress, proposed that the government buy up surplus copper stocks. Late in May, the Senate Committee on Mines and Mining favorably reported an enlargement of this proposal. The measure calls for an appropriation of $200,000,000 for the buying up of surplus copper, lead and zinc as a reserve for war and public works requirements.

Offhand, there may appear to be no similarity between such buying and the purchase of silver. There is a definite connection, however. Copper, once a leading export item, can no longer be sold abroad in any great quantity because of the lowered foreign purchasing power for American goods caused by debt collection along with the maintenance of an active merchandise trade balance. Government copper-buying would remove the necessity of purchasing foreign merchandise to make possible the sale of copper abroad.

In still another respect, government buying of copper, lead and zinc is a natural corollary to the purchase of silver. It so happens that about three-quarters of the silver produced in the United States is so-called "by-product" silver, i.e., it comes to light in the mining of copper, lead and zinc. In order to cash in very heavily on the silver victory, domestic producers must turn out an embarrassingly large quantity of copper, lead and zinc. If these metals can not be sold abroad, the easy way to dispose of them is to turn them over to the government, particularly since the first two, at least, are commonly regarded as war materials.

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Meanwhile, other advocates of government metal-buying have stepped forward. Representative Caldwell of Florida has attracted the attention of Secretary Hull to his proposal that the government accept tin in payment of War debts. Others have suggested that the government buy large quantities of manganese from Russia to provide a method for selling American goods to the Soviets. There is also talk of government buying of Canadian nickel to aid our export trade with the Dominion. In each case, the argument has been made that the government should have a supply of these metals in case of war.

Tin, nickel and manganese are, in fact, a direct answer to the problem of how to accept payments from abroad without admitting competitive goods. Since they are already entering the country in amounts sufficient to satisfy the requirements of private industry, any increase in our takings must come through government buying for alleged war needs. In view of the growing tension in our relations with Japan, it does not appear that the buying campaign should be overly difficult to put across.

Thus, if we return to our super-junkman, we may picture him as desisting from his broken-bottle-buying as the scarcity of scrap glass sends its price so high that the prosperity of the glass business is threatened. He then searches for other scrap items suitable for hoarding, just as Uncle Sam is apparently destined to turn from silver to other metals as soon as the higher silver prices, caused by his buying, threaten to force China from the silver standard.

This picture may be useful for understanding what is happening to Uncle Sam as the result of the ingenuity of the nation's chosen leaders. These interpreters of the public mind realize that both foreign debt write-offs and unfavorable trade balances are highly unpopular remedies for the situation into which the country has worked itself. Their solution of the problem is to dodge the issue through government metal-buying. In this way, the nation's favorable merchandise trade balance can be maintained and the write-off of foreign debts can at least be delayed.

Furthermore, as the super-junkman imagined himself wealthier and wealthier as the apparent value of his piles of scrap rose by reason of scarcity prices, so will Uncle Sam seem to grow richer as the apparent value of his silver hoard mounts with the higher prices caused by his buying. Only when and if he may decide to dispose of his silver, will Uncle Sam realize that its supposed value is not actual. Meanwhile, the higher the price paid, the less buying needed to create the debit in our balance of international payments required to permit a continued credit in the current account.

And so, the choice between a complete write-off of our War and private foreign loans and the elimination of our favorable merchandise trade balance can be put off for a few more years. The anomaly of the world's largest creditor nation exporting more goods than it imports can be made to last a little longer. Foreign bondholders can continue to collect on some of their loans while American exports are pushed and imports restricted. In the junk yard of Uncle Sam, however, there will grow larger and larger piles of gold, silver and the other metals that may be chosen.

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Legitimate People

By Paul Jones

A Story

Get me right. I'm not one of these racketeers. I don't carry a gun, and I don't stick people up, and I make it a rule to lay off anybody that can't spare what I'm after. I'm just a thief.

Maybe you got an idea a thief's a guy that's too lazy to work. That's a lot of bunk. Take it from me, if I'd put the same amount of struggle into some other line of business, I'd be on Easy Street. Thieving is the most underpaid profession there is.

I guess it's born in you, because my old man was a thief, and a damn good one, too, and his father, from what I hear, was one of the biggest thieves in the old country. It runs in the family.

I got nothing against legitimate people, understand, but I don't get along with them. They kind of give me the jitters. I don't get their angle, that's all.

Here's what I mean.

There's a guy that's manager of one of these chain groceries, a hard-working fellow, but he don't get much dough, and I guess he can't figure out any way to beat the cash register, which I understand is legitimate, if you can get away with it. Anyhow, for a price, he tipped me off to a situation where it looked like I could make myself a little money.

It seems that a lot of classy people with real jack are now trading in these cash-and-carries where they used to run bills with a fancy grocery. These dames come in with their chauffeurs and, from what he told me, some of them flash considerable rolls.

All right. It's petty stuff, but there was a depression on, and it hit me just like it hit everybody else. So I go and look the joint over. I noticed right away that some of these women leave their handbags on the grocery counter while they stroll over to the other side of the store to take a slant at the vegetables.

It looked like a cinch. In I went, and I wasn't in the store two minutes when I spotted this expensive-looking purse lying right on the counter. Nobody was near it, and nobody was looking at me, so I put it under my coat and went out.

Half a block up the street, I ducked into an alley, and opened the handbag. The system is, you take the money, and toss the leather away as soon as you can.

I like to drop dead. There wasn't anything in it but a powder puff, a handkerchief, four pennies and a slip of paper, all folded up. I looked at the paper, and I want to tell you, I felt cheap. Because what it was was a food order, good for five bucks' worth of groceries, like they give out down at the Poor Board, if you're on the rocks.

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I mean, I was mortified. Here, I said to myself, you got to get this back some way, even if you have to drop it on the sidewalk, like she might have lost it on her way in.

Furthermore, I got to feeling sorry for the dame, so I took a twenty out of my own kick and tucked it in her pocketbook. What the hell, you might be down yourself sometime.

So I'm all set to leave the purse some place where she'll find it, and I turn to go out of the alley, and I run smack into a copper, coming in, and he saw the handbag before I could hide it.

"I just found this purse, officer," I said. "Maybe you can give it back to the party that owns it."

All I got for that was a tough look. He grabbed the pocketbook, and blocking the way out of the alley, he put his stick under his arm, and opened the purse.

First he read the food order. It was made out to a Mrs. Grimsby. Then he took the twenty and the four pennies, and put them in his pocket. With that, he lost all interest in the leather and tossed it into an ash can.

I don't mind doing business with a copper. Sometimes you got to. But this guy made me sore, declaring himself in for one hundred per cent of what he thought I'd pinched.

"You can't do that," I said.

"Why not?" he asked me. "You're lucky I don't give you a going over with this night stick. Beat it."

Well, he had me, because one of the disadvantages of my line of work is you got no rights. So I said: "Wait a minute! What about this poor woman?"

"What do you mean?"

"What's she going to do without her food order?" I asked him. I didn't tell him that I'd put the twenty in her purse, because he wouldn't have believed me, anyhow, and if he had, it wouldn't have made no difference, because he was one businesslike policeman, what I mean. "You want to have some consideration for this Mrs. Grimsby," I told him.

"Don't kid me," he said. "Grimsby's the division leader, and he's got a good job with the city. They don't need food orders any more than fly in the air."

"I don't get it," I said.

"Listen," this copper told me, "why should he pay for his own groceries when he's got a pal on the Poor Board? He'd be a sap."

Thinking about the twenty and all, I got mad. "He's a cheap grifter," I said.

"Say," the flatfoot growled, "where do you get off, talking that way? Go on, beat it, before I run you in!"

So I beat it.

Like I told you, I got nothing against legitimate people, but I can't get along with them. They kind of give me the jitters. I don't get their angle.

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Big Salaries and Bonuses

By J. George Frederick

What is fair pay for our big business leaders?

One of the tell-tales by which we can note the change in American public temper is the subject pushed into the limelight by the last Congress, large executive salaries and bonuses.

Superficially the intent has been to criticize large salaries and bonuses during depression times; but at bottom the whole point of view regarding top men in business is seen to be in process of change. It is another one of the earmarks of our basic shift from pioneer American days to the era of a more stable and socially responsible economy.

Once America thrilled with interest, even pride, when told of the huge salary paid to a top executive in business. It was the genuine accolade of success. "Money talks," it was said then; and what a corporation was willing to pay for a man's brain was the proof positive, the certificate of demonstration, of a man's greatness. America's development of the large-scale industrial era after the Civil War was a kind of pioneer era, duplicating in principle the previous pioneer eras in American life; continuing to regard it as only just and right that what a man could seize and command was his.

At first there was no question of high-salaried *executives;* business was largely made up of *owners* who built unique and successful enterprises. For this reason, up to 1898 or thereabout, salaries were nowhere very large, with the exception of a few railways and "trusts." The owners, or those who closely controlled ownership, got their rewards not so much through salary as through profits, dividends. "Close corporations" were largely the rule; with principal positions filled by an owner from among his family or intimates, or by what were virtually low-salaried assistants who were given little honor, place or authority. It was not at all uncommon, then, for executives of quite large responsibility but little place, title or authority to receive only $2,400 a year. The line and staff idea of organization, the development of functional professional standards had not yet really started, and the "merit system" was not widely used. All functions were jumbled—the big boss insisted on deciding nearly everything. This "genius" type of business man; the man who built the business up, the owner, arrogated to himself nearly all authority, and tolerated few really first-class men under him. Some of these still linger today; they can not stomach any other form of business, and the men who work for them are what we have come to call "yes men."

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Rockefeller and Carnegie were too big for this tight and vainglorious system of little industrial Napoleons, and early saw its doom. They introduced (about 1885) the system of highly paid men; the relinquishment of authority and responsibility to subordinates of high ability. Carnegie's twelve partners were famous for their high salaries and share in profits; for their freedom from Napoleonic dictation from above. Rockefeller relinquished his personal direction of the Standard Oil Company many years before he was believed to have done so. He did not, however, dramatize his delegation of power to his famous associates as did Carnegie, and the public persisted in believing that he was active long after he had placed his affairs in other hands. Rockefeller and Carnegie started upon its career for good or evil the American high salary merit system, priding themselves upon their perspicacity in selecting men and "leaving them alone."

Early in the century a definite change arrived. As the founders of these large businesses grew older (and as sons and relations were often demonstrated to be weak reeds for the business to lean upon), or as it seemed wise to incorporate into a stock company for the purposes of estate division, the era of mergers and consolidations took a spurt. It had begun in the 'Eighties and 'Nineties in a few instances—but now it became wide-spread. This set firmly upon its feet the high salary and bonus plan or merit system in American industry. The merger definitely could not use the old owners as executive heads; they engendered jealousies. So younger men of high ability at high salaries and a bonus contract were chosen. It gave a great lift to the American people, and inaugurated the "success" era, because it dramatized what seemed to be the American spirit of opportunity and democracy. For several generations the theme song of the success era was this merit system; this open road to wealth and acclaim for even a poor boy, via the high-salaried corporation executive, selected solely on demonstrated ability. What a great land of open opportunity America is, ran this saga; no class spirit, no nepotism, no snobbery! If the waterboy in the steel mill becomes the $100,000 president, there is your proof that America is the land of the free, with no closed doors. There is no question that millions of American boys tightened their belts and set their faces toward the executive swivel-chairs of high salary, as depicted in countless "success tales" such as were enormously popular for about thirty-five years (between 1888–1923). True, the sneers at such success stories came even before the War; the disillusionment of the more hypercritical was just then flowering in small esoteric circles. Although Ida Tarbell had written early in the century about the Standard Oil, and Lawson's *Frenzied Finance* had appeared long before the War, the criticisms were vented largely upon monopoly and stock-jobbing, which were, after all, depredations of a kind centuries old.

II

The American faith and belief in the high-salaried executive was not easily shattered because it was bound up with the idea of individual opportunity for the ordinary man in a corporate era. The average man's experience as a salaried man in corporate employ indicated that the merit system was more or less genuinely in operation, especially in large corporations. Corporations in competition must have efficiency, and on

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the whole corporations gave the best man preference.

The real disillusionment of the American man with regard to top executives in corporations has been of comparatively recent growth: *since about 15,000,000 Americans have become corporation stockholders.* This event (since the War) placed the American citizen in the third segment of his three-fold rôle in modern industrial civilization: (1) employe, (2) consumer, (3) share-owner. For the first time he was sitting at a vantage-point different from his time-honored place "below the salt." He was now a capitalist himself, and could at last stop looking worshipfully up at the mount of his desires, and instead see how things looked from the vantage-point of financial ownership.

Very soon he became conscious of the rather absurd and anomalous position in which this business of being a small share-owner placed him. He received at certain times of the year a proxy to sign —giving the management complete freedom to vote as they should choose, in the name of his tiny holdings. True, he could go to the stockholders' meeting, but up to 1930–1931 this was felt to be a bit stupid. The few cranks who did so were either tolerated amusedly by the officers in charge or given very short shrift. Even at best the small stockholder was in the position of some one kept in the ante-room and not allowed to enter. He was given only such reports of operations as pleased the management, and these were often entirely or partly refused. A great many corporations whose stock is listed on the New York Stock Exchange report net earnings only, and only once a year, and while they must supply balance sheets, the operating statements are very sketchy—not to say manipulated.

Not to enter too long analysis of this point, it dawned on the small stockholder that in a corporation whose stock is widely held, the men in power may be a handful of executives who own only one or two per cent of stock, or indeed none at all, while they diddle the real owners, the stockholders, in a wide variety of ways, chief of which are: (1) the use of inside information for speculation in the company's stock; (2) the payment of large salaries and bonuses to themselves even at a time when they stop dividends; (3) operate pools and milk the company by means of holding companies; (4) juggle the company's accounts to hide various forms of use of their position for their personal advantage; (5) practise nepotism and favoritism, and stop (at the top) the strict application of the merit system.

During the depression quite naturally this situation has come to a sharp focus. American stockholders have been very lax and lenient with corporations so long as their stock rose in value and paid fair dividends. Under the impact of the depression and the estoppage of so many dividends, the small stockholder got blood in his eye. He began in much larger number, and with much bolder manner, to attend stockholders' meetings, to speak up, to put the management under fire.

And one of the things he discovered was that despite the fall in stock values, the cessation of dividends, the shrinkage of surpluses, an astonishing number of executive salaries were actually increased instead of decreased, and bonuses continued. The actual facts on this point have now been assembled by the Federal Trade Commission. While it may be true that the figures were marshalled so as to make them look their

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worst, and in some instances misrepresent the facts, nevertheless, they are revealing indeed. Out of 138 of the largest corporations in the United States paying $50,000 or more per year to any executive, sixty-nine, or exactly fifty per cent, actually either maintained or increased the salaries in the depression years to officers over and above the amount paid in 1929. Some did not continue to increase them in all the depression years, and some decreased them for the first time in 1932 or 1933; but one-half of these largest corporations in America ignored the depression so far as executive salaries were concerned, or acted as if it were an occasion to raise salaries, even if earnings dropped. A number of large corporations refused to give any information.

Out of forty of the larger corporations studied, twelve increased their salary or bonus payments despite decreased earnings; twenty-one did not materially decrease them, and seven refused to disclose earnings figures.

As to the average salary paid in these 138 corporation instances, the variations by years and other things make it impossible to arrive at a wholly exact average, but it is somewhere in the neighborhood of $76,000. Bills have been introduced in Congress to take eighty per cent of all salaries over $75,000 in taxation, or to prevent corporations from calculating salaries over a certain amount as such in their corporation tax reports.

III

How much justification, in terms of business reality, is there in high executive salaries? The argument is of course that competition for high grade ability sets the rate of salary. This is probably true only to a limited extent. During the depression some very able men were to be had; yet as we have seen, a great many companies boosted the salaries of their executives; or to be more exact, a great many executives in full control of the corporation's affairs, *boosted their own salaries*. One instance has come to my attention where the one man in complete control asked all lesser executives to accept severe cuts in salary. This they did, and when the salary and bonus figures came out in the newspapers, they found that the executive had preserved intact his own high salary and bonus *by means of the cut the others took*. A storm arose, but the top executive merely disappeared for a month in Florida. Such things are surely not in line with the theory of competition, for when sales are falling and the market for talent is full of available men, one would expect changes to be made; executives dropped and others put in their place; or at least cuts in salary horizontally applied.

Quite obviously, the cold truth is that many managements composed of cliques of top executives entrenched themselves still more favorably in their positions during the depression, and there were no masters to drive them out. In cases where bankers were powerful, the bankers were often co-conspirators for high salaries for the top men they had selected. The directors often being the mere creatures of the ruling group of executives, and the stockholders being powerless, there was no one to stop the management. True, some of them had contracts, and the high salaries for this reason ran on into depression years; but the depression has been an era when even landlords relaxed leases, and when voluntary adjustments have been the rule. Certainly the

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stock- and bondholders have often enough been asked to give up their equities.

It is evident that a new type of thinking about executives' salaries and bonuses is unescapable. It began in 1933 when the railway executive salaries were adjusted downward, after the RFC began to pump public capital into the railways to save them. The old "rugged individualistic" picture of the railway president as a masterful captain of industry, a rare genius, worth a fabulous salary, was just naturally obsolete at such a juncture. It is worthy of note in passing that the railway presidents have always been held up as examples of men who were intrinsically worth very large salaries. Men rising from the ranks were held up for publicity purposes as sagas of success—when the realistic truth has been in many instances that railway presidents have been the quite ordinary pawns of large bankers, with not nearly the ruggedly individual scope of initiative and power and rare ability that was popularly credited to them. The Jim Hill and Harriman days passed a long time ago.

One might come fairly near the truth as to top executives and their salaries by saying that when an outstanding man of demonstrated merit and ability is engaged at a high salary, to do an admittedly difficult job, with a bonus for genuine performance, there is some logic in the matter, provided the salary is not above $75,000, and the stockholders' interests are being genuinely served (as they sometimes are when the company is in a difficult position and is falling behind and thus needs an unusually resourceful man). But when, as so often is the case, there is no excuse for the large salary except that the company is large and the officers can manage to secure it, the situation is quite different. Often the salary roll of top executives is distinctly padded. It is also often true that the high salary standard set in a corporation's period of greatest development need becomes, by habit and tradition, the standard for the job after such great ability is no longer necessary. Thus a new, weaker and less able man inherits the high salary job; often a relative or favorite.

We should not destroy the incentive to genuine merit which good salaries for genuine performance offer to ambitious men. We live in a corporate age, and aspiration to ownership is not in many fields a feasible thing. Aspiration to fine service—a *three*-fold service (to stockholders, employes and customers) is something it would be foolish to undermine by quibbling over a high salary standard. I do not think the present criticism of salaries is meant to do such undermining. The nepotism, favoritism and self-perpetuation, salary roll padding, bonus graft, the attempt to divert surplus earnings into the pockets of insiders instead of to the ordinary stockholders, who are really the victims of the modern corporation racket—these are the objects of attack, and they needed attack a decade or two ago. We want a higher breed of executives, with a most meticulous sense of fiduciary responsibility, and a real sense of being public servants to consumers, employes and investors. In other words a new and more honored profession of technical managers, whose loyalty is high to the ethics of that profession, and who want good but not fabulous salaries. One of the effects, already observed, of the publication of the salaries of top executives, is a determination on the part of minor executives that there shall not be so great a disparity between them.

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Minor executives' salaries in many instances have hung around the $7,500 to $20,000 levels while top executive salaries were five to ten times these sums. This is obviously on its face a discriminatory abuse of the power of such top executives for self-profit, and not a true measure of difference. Many minor executives bear the real load of responsibility.

The percentage of the average business investment which salaries represent is not great, of course. The Federal Trade Commission found for instance in the stove manufacturing field that officers' salaries represented 2.5 per cent in 1921; furniture manufacturers' 4.7 per cent. The percentage of total salaries to investment is generally below six per cent in most industries.

As regards the dreams of radical reformers, of a society in which the only reward will be public appreciation and a sense of social duty well done, and in which will rule the principle of "from each according to his ability, and to each according to his need"—this is already known in Russia to be an Utopian impossibility. There is definitely higher pay and larger material reward to executive classes in Russia, with the added proviso that they subordinate their political opinions and free speech, or be ousted. Nowhere in the world is operated the pure principle of "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need." The realistic facts concerning the human race forbid it. At the same time the payment of salary roughly more than thirty-five times the level of a common decent American standard of living is probably not very defensible, except in very unusual cases. There exist in human minds certain elemental scales of justice, and a ratio of from two to thirty-five times the ordinary decent American standard of living sticks in the fairest American minds as the top limits of a sound ratio, leaving plenty of room for reward for both ambition and scarcity of ability. Beyond that it now takes on a swinish aspect, and incites suspicion of sinecure or extortion or stranglehold on what is no longer regarded as entirely private enterprise.

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The League's "Black Baby"

By Ignatius Phayre

Liberia has exhausted the patience of her fellow members in the League of Nations, and there is thought of depositing her as yet another responsibility on President Roosevelt's doorstep

For ten years the august Council in Geneva has had a peck of trouble with those carefree "Americoes" of freedom's own republic. They are so far off—between Sierra Leone and the French Ivory Coast. Their realm has no port—luckily, seeing that yellow fever is rife and all ships liable to contagion. The powers have been haunted by this Liberia. After all, it *is* a "sovereign state." It has a four-year President; a Senate, too, and a Lower House, as well as a Supreme Court and an army. America has from the first served as model and pattern for the "Americoes."

Anyhow, here is all the panoply of a "nation." It was launched (from the United States) over a century ago, apparently with the blessing of James Monroe—whose historic name an unimaginable capital bears unto this day. And yet dreadful whispers have long floated overseas from harried and hunted savages of Liberia's hinterland. How *they* ever heard of the League is a mystery. But their long wails boil down to this: that President King was a "blackbirder" and slave-raider; that his "Administration" was a gang of murderous robbers; his armies (both native and hired) a merciless Attila-horde—burning and looting, raping the tribal women and driving these "inferior" pagan blacks into the African waste, there to starve or fall a prey to prowling beasts.

The powers were staggered at this indictment of Liberia. One of their own League members, too! Even an "Ally" who had "declared war" upon Germany and suffered a salvo or two in consequence from the five-inch gun of a submarine—until its amazed commander realized he was shooting at a tropical zero and withdrew for very shame. Yet a "Christian" country was his target, one settled in the long ago by dusky Puritan exiles who set up a proud Lone Star banner that bore this device: "Love of liberty has brought us here!"

So the League of Nations scouted as slander all the evil tales that came from heathens of the bush frontiers. In Geneva's Council Chamber, State Secretary Grimes and Mr. Sottile gave the "facts" a different tinge. Liberia (her delegates vowed) had nothing to hide but her own lack of loans. There was a

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growing shyness on the part of Americans to help the "Americoes"—those husky offspring of their own exuberant loins.

Moreover, if white snoopers *were* to be sent out there to inquire, they must respect the President's office, and also "the political, intellectual and economic independence of Liberia." All such investigators should be under the Chief Executive. If a white adviser were named by the League, he must take *his* advice from the "Palace"; from Monrovia's learned Congress, or from courts of justice of spotless Periclean purity. Furthermore, any experts in accounts and finance which the powers might send must pass Liberian examinations on landing to make sure they were up to West African standards in their several jobs. Foreign Minister Grimes made quite a hit as he laid down the republic's law to these foreigners in Geneva.

But who was to pay the expenses of investigation? Why, the League itself, Mr. Grimes said with surprise. It was a League idea. And the League was rich, whereas Liberia . . . ! But in fact, all the republic needed was "adjusting"; then she could "go" at *any* mileage to the gallon.

The Secretary-General demurred at this. The League could not advance funds for a Commission without "an assurance of reimbursement." At last Mr. Grimes agreed to cable Monrovia on this delicate matter—"But I haf' no much hope of success." At his black elbow sat Mr. Sottile, who now hopped up with fluent pidgin English.

"No use a promise. If we gave, we may not keep." Even their state officials had not had a dollar of pay for the past eight months.

To me, it was highly humorous to see men like Sir John Simon and Viscount Cecil, with Barthou of France and Aloisi of Italy, debating gravely about Liberia as though that tragi-comic pest-hole were a civilized, or even a semi-civilized land. When the truth flamed out later on in the Christy Commission's report, even State Secretary Stimson found it a "shocking indictment."

II

New facts came rolling year after year. Gradually Liberia was seen as a sort of jungle patch as big as England or New York State. Here some 15,000 black "Americoes" lorded it over heathen and Moslem tribes, about two millions in all. The main industry seemed to be collecting taxes from those primitive folk. And the process used was simple. A ragged (but well-armed) Frontier Force swooped down upon tribal villages under a black general who was all medals and gold braid. Some of the victims were meek, and paid up in foodstuffs, ivory and cattle. Other clans were meeker still, and parted twice over under threats of burning their huts and wholesale shooting of the "rebels."

But some of the Kru-coast men could fight; and often Liberia's prowling Foch had his black hands full in a hornet's nest of desperate resistance.

Then that general would hire Mendi mercenaries to help him: warrior-looters from the Sierra Leone border. The havoc of a typical tax-collection was conveyed to the League of Nations by Dr. M. D. Mackenzie, of its own Health Section. He found fierce *battues* going on in the Sasstown area. Forty-four native villages had been set ablaze by President King's brigand army. Over a hundred natives had been killed, and 12,000 unwilling taxpayers—men,

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women and children—of the Borroh, Dio and Wissepo clans had been chased out of their flaming huts into tropic and waterless wilds beyond, there to die of hunger and thirst in an unmapped region of gorillas and pigmy elephants.

After these raids, the army of freedom's state marched home to hand over its booty to the Chief Executive, his Senate, Congress and Treasury. Besides payments in kind, our golden general rounded up every hefty male he could get chains upon. For "blackbirding" and tax-gathering went together as part of Liberia's national defense. Money the state must have—not for any public works, but mainly for executive and ministerial pockets. It was there the various American loans had melted. And the sale of slaves at $300 each formed a tidy presidential perquisite besides. After all, what were these outlying pagans for if not to provide revenue for the superior "Americo-Liberian" Administration which, all the world knew, was molded on George Washington's own ideal polity?

So these hapless savages were periodically rounded up, just as the native Princes of India corral their jungle elephants for labor in the teak forests of Burmah. President King had an ever-ready market for his army's catch. He took bids for his slaves, body and soul, from the cocoa-planters of the Portuguese Isles of São Thomé and Principe. At one time this arrogant Negro was selling three hundred captives a month at the figure I have named above.

Well might the League ask what was to be done about Liberia? Britain's House of Lords gave a full-dress debate to the future of a "Black Baby" that nobody cared to nurse. I was in the gallery of that Scarlet Chamber, and caught exclamations of horror from the Archbishop of Canterbury. To His Grace, the Lone Star Republic was "one of the most lamentable tragedies of history." Neither "could we rest while this blot on civilization remained."

Both Viscount Cecil and Earl Buxton were for pitching Liberia out of the League forthwith. And as Sir John Simon's spokesman in the Lords, Earl Stanhope wound up the sitting with a call for "drastic action." Misery and misrule had long been Liberia's lot; and in the past two years "things had gone from bad to worse." The republic was riddled with plague: "Not only was she thus a danger to herself and the rest of West Africa, but also to the whole world." Yet this monstrosity, Lord Stanhope grieved to say, was "a Foundation Member of the League," together with Great Britain, France and Italy! Truly, the irony of Voltaire is justified on the crazy governance of human affairs.

How does the Monrovian Government take this torrent of scathing? With injured pride, blocking every measure of reform and only asking for more and yet more "loans." Dr. Cuthbert Christy's report spoke of "tragic" finances. Britain's Lord Privy Seal could assure the League Council that this shabby wreck of a state "had no budget, no accounts, no money." And not only did Liberia take no steps to control yellow fever and plague—she couldn't be bothered even to notice them, and so continued to wallow in vileness, more than pleased with her own estate. Did not this abysmal "republic" break off relations with the United States over a default on a loan? And to the French Chargé d'Affaires President Barclay complained of "insult" to his high office and person on the part of a *very* rude American Minister!

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III

But what is the metropolis of Monrovia like? It is a nightmare: a foul yet funny purgatory of sickening smells and obscenity. Yet what a book that dreadful warren would make; a true best-seller, if done by a master hand. Why has no great newspaper put a correspondent there, to tell droller and madder tales than were ever flashed in the most extravagant movies. An army mutiny, for instance, raging outside the tumble-down Treasury to get a few dollars in exchange for soiled and tattered I.O.U.'s. A battered door opens presently, and the Minister steps out in a well-cut suit and high hat.

"Soldiers of the Republic!" he bawls at the swaying mob—"Haf' courage once! Practiss-ss the patience yett-t-t!"

Those hungry troops shamble off to "practiss" it—for machine-gun barrels are now poked out of the broken windows. . . . Weeks drag on into months. Another siege threatens. The "Palace" itself is in peril (a shove would overturn that ugly barn). This time two glib Americoes hustle round among the desperate men.

"We buy yo' vouchers! Five per cent of face value!"

The offer is meaningless to these Negro dupes. But when it is made clear that *real* money is meant, there is a wild stampede to sell scraps of paper for silver dollars. Those same vouchers a grafting Chancellor promptly redeems at par, in the true Liberian "system."

And then the law court scenes and cases. One day a giant Americo had "words" with a real American—who was a noted boxer. The native pressed for a bare-fist fight: it was very brief, and brought trouble in its wake. In the first round, the huge Liberian was knocked out and he lay lifeless for twenty minutes. The white man was at once arrested for *murder!* Court hearings were a screaming farce; the black judge above all, with his pompous "English" and shrill wrangles with his "prisonaire." The latter was given *twenty years in jail* for his heavy uppercut, plus a fine of $20,000. The "condemned man" strolled home laughing with his consul, and the case at least was dead and buried.

Then an Englishman was haled up for exceeding the speed limit in his car on Liberia's one and only public road. When he proved he was doing only ten miles an hour, the magistrate nearly choked.

"Haf' silence, sah; I mastah hee-yer! Nevah yo' unnahstan' Republic's law. Haf' you NO culta? Hed yo' no fat'er, no mo'ter to gif' yo' culta? Max'mum speed hee-yer is fifteen miles, sah! An' yo' espec' me let yo' off by confessin' ten? No, sah. Twenty dollahs fine. . . . Soldiers of the Republic!" At this stern call, four scarecrows moved upon the victim—who promptly moved out, leaving fifty cents as a *douceur* for his prospective jailers.

Seen from the sea, this awful town shows nothing but a flimsy customs shed, flying the Lone Star flag which not one in a million could identify. Your ship lies afar off, safe from all contact with a poisonous coast. The newcomer is aghast at Monrovia's "Broadway." Broad it is; a wide swathe cut in a jungly place, with a narrow strip in the centre, trampled flat by slouching, half-naked Americoes.

The sides form thickets of rank weeds and noisome gutters, bridged here and there with broken gin-cases. Even big rocks crop out on Monrovia's "Main Street," as when the world began.

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Abject huts of rubble or unhewn stone, crumbling to bits and with yawning thatch, form teeming lanes full of black humanity and fearsome smells. Before the doors lie open drains and dung-heaps, on which horrible dogs nose for food and fight all day.

Here and there a bloated carcass or a heap of filth clogs up the sewage, and putrid pools overflow to invade wretched hovels in which one could not house swine. Larger dwellings lean this way and that, as though about to collapse in the reeking lanes. Through these shuffle Liberian citizens, more indecent than any nudist, and partly covered with dirty rags of evil suggestion.

Upon holed and rotting porches loll other Liberians, hailing the stranger boldly in a lingo which is hard to make out at first. There are no railroads here; no lights, no sanitation or decent water supply. Beside this capital of a League of Nations member, a village of Hottentots or Zulus is a model settlement.

As for the "White House" of this black inferno and the Congress, Treasury and public offices, these depressed me even more than the bestial squalor of the streets. How consular and other foreign officers, as well as American and European traders can live here and keep their reason is an eloquent tribute to the soul-strength of civilized man.

The mission schools form a bright spot in this darkling hell. Where is the white visitor to stay? What shall he eat, how escape these frightful odors, from which our house-dogs would flee? The consular corps are very kind to callers, and so are the missionaries. And always there is the nearby jungle, where at least one can breathe without retching. One may even encounter wild beasts that are clean, and stark savages who are *not* "Americoes," but men and women of self-respect and poise.

IV

Truly this Liberia is a haunting memory; it is also proof positive—if any were needed—that the Negro "nation" is a contradiction in terms. Look at Haiti's incredible record since Napoleon's legions sickened and died there long ago. I was in Port-au-Prince in 1915 when raging citizens dragged their President limb from limb, and then paraded past the legations, waving bits and scraps of their late Chief Executive, who had fled for refuge to the Minister of France! Yet how beautiful a land is Haiti; a tropic Switzerland, where coffee and cotton grow wild. But if that Carib paradise is "hopeless," what shall I say of freedom's own realm, which calls itself Liberia?

As a political problem, this lurching republic persists. The League wants to wash it out of Geneva, once and for all. But where? All signs point to the custody of the United States. But surely Washington will have a say to that. The League Council has withdrawn "assistance" from the Black Baby whose tantrums have disturbed its harmony these many years—just as they jarred on Theodore Roosevelt in 1909 over the endless "debt adjustment."

Great Britain—after a recital of misdeeds for which her Lord Privy Seal finds it "hard to apply terms sufficiently strong"—seeks to dump this foundling into somebody else's arms. "It is the view of His Majesty's Government," Mr. Eden told the full Council in Geneva, "and I state it with the utmost earnestness—that Liberia has so grossly failed in her obligations as a member of the League of Nations, that the League is quite entitled to consider her expul-

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sion under Paragraph 4 of Article 16."

Very well. But the Black Orphan—like the dead cat in the cistern—is still *there!* Who is going to care for it? The British Minister goes on to tell us. "On humanitarian grounds" it was proposed "to approach the United States Government," since that power "appeared to be the most closely associated, both historically and economically, with Liberia."

There you have it. A back door is to be found in the White House for a black waif that nobody wants. The French Foreign Minister agreed to this. So did Baron Aloisi on Italy's behalf. The League Rapporteur said ditto, and the entire Council concurred. So Europe was through with this clinging curse. To America these "Americoes" properly belonged. Over there was their "Open Door." State Secretary Grimes and Mr. Sottile put in a strong Monrovian protest at this slur upon their "sovereignty." Nobody heard them. Neither has anybody heard from President Roosevelt about a new "code" of conduct for the foundling which the League would push into his all-embracing arms!

Man Alone

By Frances Frost

Beneath the blowing summer sun
the burst leaves shaken in the gust
will soon be crumbling webs of dust
against the sunken rocks. The run

of clear and downhill streams will shrink
gulped by heat, where now the shy
muzzles of drifting creatures drink
under a soft and kindly sky.

Star-flowers bloom in ripening land
where copper mushrooms soon will raise
their curved roofs into rain. Where stand
young grasses, maple-slopes will praise

the summer's end with fiery leaves.
But striding the bare and wingless wood,
man alone will regret the good
in the gentian's death, in the gathered sheaves.

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Is There Any Solution for the Labor Problem?

By Fremont Rider

Who believes that there is at least a method of finding the solution, if we are willing to try it?

"Longshoremen Strike in San Francisco"—"Labor Riots in Cleveland"—"Steel Workers Threaten Strike"—"Typewriter Employes Demand Union Recognition"—"Truck Drivers Mob Police"—"Body Makers Walk Out"—"Two Men Killed in Attack on Factory"—such headlines as these are repeated week after week, month after month, year after year, increasing in times of general prosperity, decreasing in times of depression—when jobs become more desirable. Headlines to which the average citizen's reaction has become a mixture of impatience, bewilderment and apprehension. The "labor problem": is there, he asks, no *solution* to it? Are men and women never to find a way to work together, employer and employed, director and directed, leader and led—whatever you may term their relationship—happily and efficiently? Must we, always and forever, have this stupid record of strikes, lockouts, riots, sabotage and bloodshed—continual headlines of struggle, waste and discontent?

When the President inserted "Section 7-A" into his courageous recovery programme I strongly suspect that he had very little idea of the immediate and continually growing trouble that this section was bound to create, for, if the whole programme should finally come to grief, there is no doubt that future historians will record that it was primarily Section 7-A which wrecked it. But, if Section 7-A, abruptly and quite unnecessarily, made the labor problem more acute, that was all that it did: it did not create it; the "problem" is one that has always been a thorn in the side of civilization. The men and women who work have as a whole never been satisfied with either the terms or the rewards of their labor. As a whole they had little reason to be. And it is quite beside the point to say that men and women will never be satisfied with anything, that "divine discontent" is our common heritage. The problem is not so much to make the workman entirely satisfied with what he has, as to make him feel that he is working under a system which, continually and automatically, is giving him all that he is at the moment fairly

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entitled to have, and that also is so functioning as to be likely continually and automatically to give him more.

In one of his most searching essays Walter Lippmann pointed out the will-o'-the-wisp quality of all social "final settlements," the inherently evanescent character of all economic "solutions." Because we live in a world of live men and women we live in a constantly changing world, a world where nothing is stable or static, least of all human needs and hopes. The poorest workman in the United States is probably better provided with the "satisfactions" of life than the richest one was a few centuries ago. No workers today in any other country in the world enjoy a tithe of the material things which our workers here take for granted. But is this any reason for condemning them because they want still more? Of course not. Neither for wanting it, nor for trying to get it.

What I am driving at is this: that, because there is practically no limit to what men may want, so any attempt to formulate a "solution" to the labor problem must formulate a means, not an end, must outline a method for attainment, not a result to be attained.

In attempting such a solution, if we are to do justice, we must be extremely careful that, in endeavoring to help one class of workers, we do not injure some other class. We must be careful, for instance, that, in endeavoring to help the urban industrial worker, we do not do injustice to the rural agricultural worker; that, in seeking to help the manual laborer, we do not harm the brain worker or the white-collar man; that, in attempting to aid present workers, we do not injure the young, the old, the dependent—that is, those who have passed, or who have not yet reached, their working years. It is necessary to mention this because it is unfortunately the fact that altogether too much of our so-called recovery legislation has failed of its object, just because, however well-intentioned, it apparently failed to look beyond the needs of the one particular class for whose benefit it was devised. The result was that, although that class was benefited—temporarily or superficially—the lot of other large classes of the population was definitely made worse than ever.

So, for example, the farmer and the agricultural laborer were helped, temporarily and superficially, by some of the Administration's AAA measures, but much of this benefit was nullified, on the one hand by continually increasing taxes, and on the other hand by the rapidly mounting costs of almost everything of urban origin which they bought. Throughout the whole recovery programme there has seemed to be this grave lack of thinking through and coördinating the various policies put into effect, with the result that, again and again, the desirable result of one was squarely nullified by the ill result of another. That is why, in any labor proposal, it is particularly important to examine all sides of it, to follow out—with all the counsel available—all of its ramifications and consequences, to visualize it, not in theory but in practice—in order to be as sure as may be that, in attempting to right great present wrongs, we do not do even greater new ones.

II

Two years ago I spent a night with an old college friend who was running a canning factory in Maryland, down in that great garden belt, the Delmarva Peninsula.

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"Business?" I asked him. Only to learn, as I had expected, that business was "terrible." I prodded him with a few questions.

"Look here," he said abruptly, picking a can of tomatoes out of a full case ready for shipment, "what do you pay your grocer in New York for these?"

"About four for a quarter at the A. & P.," I said.

"Yeah," he replied. "We sell 'em to the chains at under three cents a can—and they have to pay all transportation costs, remember. We pay the farmers hereabouts less than twenty cents a basket for the tomatoes that go into that can—less than a cent a can. The can and the solder and the cases cost me another half cent. We get out of it for ourselves, for all our manufacturing costs and profit—only there isn't any profit these days—three-quarters of a cent; while—now get this—for this *label* I pay almost another half cent. You're in the printing business: how come? Less than a cent a can to the farmer for the stuff in the can that the public buys and eats: as much, or almost as much, for the label wrapped around it?"

"Why don't you leave the label off?"

He shrugged his shoulders. I looked at his label. It was a particularly gaudy example of four-color-and-embossed-imitation-gold tomato still life. "That's easy," I replied. "The engravers who made the plates for that label, and the lithographers who printed it, are strongly unionized, and are among the highest paid workmen in the United States. They get at present nearly seventy dollars a week. What do your folks here get?"

"Seventy dollars?" He whistled incredulously. "I pay my cannery girls $5.50 a week," he said, "and that's higher than the average."

"And the farmer—at twenty cents a basket—what does he get for his tomatoes?"

"He—he just gets left," said my friend. "They don't pay him, after taxes and fertilizer, even five dollars a week." He paused contemplatively. "Something's damn wrong," he concluded.

He was right. Something was wrong. Something, for that matter, is still wrong; for the disparity between agricultural and industrial labor, between the seventy-dollar-a-week lithographer and the five-dollar-a-week farmer (and the latter, incidentally, working half again as many hours, and twice as hard!) hasn't been ameliorated appreciably in the two years that have elapsed since this conversation. When you look for the "cause of the depression" it might be worth your while, it seems to me, to remember that tomato can label! It is still the city worker, the industrial worker, whose labor troubles get all the newspaper headlines. The farmer, and his helpers, having learned patience from Mother Nature, have suffered, and for many years, relatively far greater wrong in silence.

But why is it that farm incomes are so far out of line with industrial incomes? Primarily—and I should like to emphasize this putting of the horse before the cart!—because farm wages are so far out of line with industrial wages. There is a cause and effect; but cause and effect, as they have been customarily analyzed, should be exactly reversed. Why are they so out of line? Primarily because government has, for many years, done just what it has continued to do in its recent recovery measures—followed the policy of favoring the industrial worker over the agricultural worker, both by direct legislative enactment and by the uneven enforce-

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ment of existing law. Why, for instance, has the present Government specifically refused to admit agricultural labor to the benefits of its minimum wage and maximum work week provisions? Partly because, although it admitted the injustice of such a discrimination, it felt it was "impracticable" to do otherwise. Partly because, knowing that the farmer, as owner and employer, was in desperate straits himself, it thought that it would help him if it tried to keep agricultural wages low. A curiously persistent fallacy this, a fallacy disproved again and again, but still recurring, that wages that are far below the level permitting of proper subsistence at accepted national standards are in the long run profitable to the employer paying them. Sweatshop incomes for farm labor are no more profitable for the farmer than similar incomes are, in the long run, profitable for the industrialist—and for exactly the same reasons.

This fallacy is like that other one, which is just now so popular in certain recovery circles, and to which Mr. Ogden Mills tersely and grimly answers: "The paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty can never be solved by doing away with the plenty." No, our farm problem can never be permanently solved by governmental price-fixing, or by plowing under cotton or burning wheat to make an artificial scarcity, or by any sort of "farming under dictatorship." This fallacy of "overproduction" seems to have deceived a great many usually intelligent people. It lies in thinking that there actually exists in the world at present a real surplus of any good thing produced by human effort. Such a thing may occur some time in the indefinite future of the human race; it certainly has never occurred yet. There have been—and let's try very hard to keep our thinking straight in this matter—temporary local gluts, due in some cases to lack of effective distributing machinery, but mainly due to lack of sufficient effective purchasing power. And the curious thing is that all these gluts, or practically all of them, will be found, on careful analysis, to arise from governmental interference, in some form or other, with the world's business and economic machinery.

Too much cotton, when millions in the world lack adequate covering? Too much meat, when millions in the world are starving? Too many plumbing fixtures, when, according to a recent survey, only fifteen per cent of the farmhouses of North Carolina have so much as running water, and when it is estimated that less than one per cent of the world's population have bath tubs? Too much furniture, when there are several million homes in this country alone with no furniture whatever of any kind save the crudest of home-made beds and chairs? Too many automobiles, when ninety-seven per cent of the world's population are without them? Why, we haven't as yet so much as scratched the surface of even our own country's reasonable consumptive needs, to say nothing of the needs of the rest of the world. Overproduction? We are not yet within a million miles of producing enough of *any*thing.

Yet, altogether too many of those who these days are doing our writing and our "planning," blinded by the lavish surfeit which they see immediately around themselves, talk glibly about "overproduction"; and, assuming the validity of this false premise, proceed to lay out an economic "regimentation" of our national life along socialistic lines. They aim to increase the prices of products by artificially restricting the pro-

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duction of them. If they do succeed in this it will simply mean that they have succeeded in putting so many of the good things of life still further beyond the reach of those enormous groups of the population who have never yet been able to buy them; and in preventing their further purchase by those who had just begun to be able to buy them. And this, this progressive deprivation of huge masses of the population, is what the "regimenters" call "adapting production to demand."

No! One of the most important steps we must take, if we are to have any solution of the labor problem, is to sweep away any and every endeavor to boost product prices by artificially throttling output. The real solution, the American solution, lies in exactly the opposite direction. First we must increase purchasing power—beginning always with those most poorly paid, or now out of work and so not being paid at all—so that more and more people may have the means to buy more and more things. Second, we must remove the governmental interferences with business and industry so that they may be free to continue, as they have in the past, to develop ways to cut their costs of production, and so may be able to supply the enormous new consuming markets which lie now untouched because people have not at present the means to buy. American business never became great by "adapting production to demand"; it became great by stimulating common people to want more and more of the good things of life—and then by cutting costs to bring those things within their reach.

III

The outstanding reason, it seems to me, why all the attempts that we have so far made to "solve the labor problem" have utterly failed has been that all our attempts have been palliative and evasive. We have been, on the whole, time-servers, trying to salve over crises by ignoring fundamental issues. We have followed, not justice, but temporary expediency. We have sought to find the pap or bribe that would quickly quiet an ugly situation rather than develop a remedy that might be immediately harder to apply but which would nevertheless have the merit of tending to prevent the ugly situation recurring. By and large we have *bought* labor peace: and, like all payers of tribute, we are finding that the impost grows ever heavier upon us.

Sometimes "capital," so-called, has dominated the specific situation and has dictated the settlement of it: sometimes—and increasingly so of recent years, as it has gained political and financial power—organized labor has held the whip hand and has done the dictating. It pleases our vanity to be told, as we have been told repeatedly, that it is "public opinion" that is the deciding voice in labor controversies; and this is quite true in those cases, comparatively few in number, where public opinion is roused. But of most labor controversies the general public never hears anything. They are decided *in camera*, and the most important of all the parties in interest, the public at large, has nothing whatever to say about the decision reached. And even more seldom, in any labor dispute, has the great inarticulate mass of unorganized labor had any champion to protect *its* interests.

It is not to be denied that it is extremely hard to base a labor decision upon moral issues rather than expediency, extremely hard to do even-handed

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justice to all the parties in interest, extremely easy to let prejudice and bias and pre-judgment creep into pronouncements in which fairness would seem both essential and easy to secure. There is no better example of this danger than Section 7-A itself. The intent of Congress in framing this clause is clear enough: what it *meant* to say in Section 7-A was unquestionably this: "Employees shall have the right, *but shall not be obliged*, to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing. *In choosing representatives* they shall be free from interference, restraint or coercion of employers of labor, or their agents, *and from interference, restraint or coercion of labor organizations, and their agents.* . . . No employee, and no one seeking employment, shall be required as a condition of employment to join, *or to refrain from joining*, any company union, *or to join*, or to refrain from joining . . . a labor organization."

But, if the strictly even-handed phraseology of the preceding paragraph, one that carefully swerves neither to the right hand nor the left, was what Congress *intended* to say—and the contrary would be almost unthinkable—the fact remains that this was not at all what Congress actually did say, for, in Section 7-A, as it was enacted, all the matter italicized in the above version fails to appear. I do not myself believe that Congress, when it passed Section 7-A, had any intention of being so biased or of making union membership mandatory upon all workmen, any more than it had any intention of making the NRA itself mandatory. But, as it is worded, organized labor is hardly to be blamed for reading such a forced interpretation into it; the phraseology used is so obscure and indeterminate and one-sided that almost any interpretation is defensible.

Indeed, not until this phraseology was somewhat clarified by the interpretation which settled the automobile controversy of the early spring—"settled" it temporarily of course—did the Administration itself seem to be at all clear as to what Section 7-A really meant. It had officially ruled, as a matter of fact, that it was, by implication and to some degree, mandatory. It had also ruled that, in any collective bargaining, only one group of workers was to be entitled to representation, namely *the largest single group;* by this ruling definitely seeking to disfranchise all minority interests, whether union or non-union, even though these various minorities might, collectively, constitute a large majority of the entire body of workers! This latter ruling, however, whether applied against either a union or a non-union body, was so clearly unjust, and so clearly contrary to the intent of the law, however one-sidedly or obscurely the latter may be phrased, that it is not surprising that it was not permitted to stand.

The fundamental equities of this question of the rights of minority labor interests, and of collective bargaining rights in general, are perfectly clear. Just as the right to bargain collectively should be inherent and unquestioned, so the right to bargain individually should be equally inherent and unquestioned. The right of any workman to join any labor organization he pleases should be inviolate and unabridged. So should be his right, at his pleasure, to refrain from joining any labor organization. And the Government, obviously, not merely in theory but in fact, should protect him in one set of rights just as much as in the other.

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IV

About a dozen years ago I happened to overhear a conversation which revealed to me one side of labor unionism of which, if we may judge from their writings, many students of the theoretical phases of labor economics are ignorant. Of itself unimportant, this chance bit of conversation was, nevertheless, profoundly informative, and it is quoted here to try to give a clearer realization of some of the hurdles that any real solution of the labor problem will have to take.

Few except those who have been in intimate contact with what is termed "organized labor" in this country, that is with those specific labor unions which are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor (and a few others), have any knowledge of its practical ideology and actual workings. Most of us fail to realize, for example, that the American Federation of Labor is, essentially, a great business organization, organized, like every other great modern business corporation, to secure as great profits as possible for its members; that, like every other great modern business, it has an enormous force of salesmen, whom it calls "organizers," whose compensation depends upon their go-getting ability in selling the memberships whose dues constitute the income of the business; that its executives, like the executives of any other business, hold their jobs only for so long as they run the corporation profitably for their members.

And finally, like every other large corporation dependent for its income upon the sale of a product, and selling a product the supply of which is limited, the American Federation of Labor is astute enough to realize the enormously greater power it would wield, and the tremendously greater profits it would consequently be able to make, if it could only secure for itself an absolute monopoly of the sale of that product. In seeking, as it does, to secure such a complete national monopoly of the sale of all labor, the Federation is doing nothing more than follow the accepted example of one school of business economists. There is here no intention whatever of questioning its right to make just as large incomes for its members as it lawfully may, or of questioning its right to seek, by every proper and legitimate means, to increase its membership and its powers. What one may properly question, however, is the wisdom, from even its own viewpoint, of some of its fundamental policies, and the validity of some of the economic theses on which it founds those policies.

The conversation to which I am referring will, I think, make all these points clear. It occurred in the office of the head of an industrial concern which was noted for its liberality in its labor relations. It ran a completely unionized plant. In an industry in which the practice was unknown it gave vacations with pay to all its employes. It supplied life insurance to them, and paid the entire cost of it. It paid union wages—and those wages happened to be about the highest paid any members of any union in the country. It tried faithfully to observe all union rules. Surely, you would have said, here was a concern that was, from a union standpoint, a model employer of labor.

Yet for years, as a matter of fact, this concern had found itself subjected to a constant barrage of union trouble. Finally, one day, goaded beyond endurance, the proprietor of this business turned on the union delegate who had

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come to his office and asked him why it was that he, doing his best to make his employes contented and happy, should be singled out to be the object of special union annoyance. Because I happened to hear that union delegate's answer, and because it made a great impression on me at the time, I can almost quote it.

"You think you run a model union plant here," he said, "because you try to keep your men happy. You're all wrong. That's not what we want. Where would our union be if all you bosses did that? I'll tell you. There wouldn't be any union, and I wouldn't have any job. Hell, no! What we want, what every union wants, is *trouble*. Not too much trouble, I don't mean. Not strikes. They're too expensive. But a little trouble—all the time. Grumbling. Discontent. Continual bad feeling between the men and the bosses. And, if these things aren't there already, then it's our job to put 'em there. Happy? Secure? Not much! What we want is to have every man in your shop bitter, discontented, always afraid he's about to lose his job. *That* makes him keep up his union dues, and holds our organization together. The more hard-boiled an employer acts, the more we love him. He saves us doing a lot of missionary work."

Now it is, of course, unnecessary to point out that the viewpoint of this labor leader is the viewpoint of utter economic ignorance. There is not the slightest doubt that, if organized labor were right now to make a complete about-face in its attitude towards its employers, if it should tomorrow seek, instead of continuing to fight them, sincerely and whole-heartedly to coöperate with them in the common good, it would find that its moral prestige and its social, political and financial powers would be immediately and enormously increased. Its leaders would find themselves in positions personally far more lucrative, incredibly more influential, greatly more satisfactory in every other way; just as, by the same move, its entire rank and file would find themselves, financially and in every other way, immensely benefited by such a sweeping change of policy. But the contrary spirit is so deeply ingrained in unionism that it is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of the present organization of labor ever making such a profound tactical revolution.

Yet, for all that, I have sometimes ventured to hope that such a change of policy was not quite an impossibility. For there are in the organized labor movement—I am happy to be acquainted with some of them—leaders of the deepest sincerity of purpose and of the highest idealism. There are labor leaders who have as broad an economic vision, as sound business judgment, as deep a patriotism, and as keen a sense of the extremely unsatisfactory nature of the present employer-employe relationship as any employer has. What I have hoped for for years has been that, from this labor group, there would arise men, or a man, big enough in personality, and far-seeing enough, to realize the possibilities, for him and his fellow leaders and for the great mass of American working men and women, that would lie in such a brand new spirit and form of labor unionism, one based on such an honest working together of employer and employed rather than in continual warfare between them. I am not sure that such a man will not yet arise. I can only assure him that, when he does, he will be amazed at the number of men on the employer side who will meet him more than half-way.

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Of course with labor leaders of the other sort, leaders of the type of the man I quoted above, nothing can be done. Just as nothing can be done with the men of exactly the same sort of mentality—and there are plenty of them!—on the employer side. So long as there are labor leaders who see no jobs for themselves except as generals in an intermittent but perpetual battle, so long as there are employers who fail to appreciate that the profits of peace can be far greater than those of war, just so long will these men at the top, like our friends the munitions-makers, see to it that labor warfare is made to continue, regardless of the terrible losses suffered by the combatants on both sides.

V

I am going back to fateful Section 7-A again, because, among other things, it is also an example of that unwillingness or inability to think a problem through that I have already remarked upon. It says that employes shall have the right to "bargain collectively." Bargain collectively about what? About all the "conditions of their employment." But "conditions of employment" is so all-inclusive a phrase as to be almost meaningless. It may mean—and labor would naturally interpret it to mean—every possible detail or phase of business in which labor is, either directly or indirectly, involved. And that, when you come to think about it, means practically every detail of business.

But consider further. The right to "bargain collectively" of itself means little, or nothing. In business, when two parties "bargain," one or the other makes a proposal, which the other party accepts or rejects. If, after all the "bargaining," no mutually desirable proposal is advanced, no deal results, and the two parties go their ways. Each party has full power to propose, each full power to refuse to accept. But, in labor "bargaining," when the two parties reach the "no deal" stage, they have reached only the beginning of their difficulties, for, with the "no deal," they have ordinarily come to what we call a strike or a lockout—not the end of the problem but simply the posing of its terms. Is this all that the labor union leaders who got Section 7-A inserted in the National Industrial Recovery Act meant by the term "collective bargaining"? Obviously not.

As a matter of fact this phrase "collective bargaining," when it is used in connection with any labor dispute, is a wholly evasive one. Somewhere, in every sort of negotiation, there comes a time when each side has to make a decision, yes or no, upon the point or points at issue. And the real question that lies behind this fair-sounding phrase of the NRA is this: shall labor have, or have not, the dominant voice in labor controversies when the deciding stage has been reached? The trouble with Section 7-A is that, at just this critical point, it calmly walks out on the turmoil it has stirred up. It doesn't suggest, even by implication, what government is going to do when the "collective bargainers" shall have failed to agree. What then? Strikes? Riots? Bloodshed? And, if not these, what? That is why Section 7-A is so disappointing to those of us who are looking for a real solution of the labor problem. It foments trouble which it makes no effort whatever to resolve.

And it is just as evasive for organized labor to claim that all it wants is "equality of bargaining power." Just as what it wants is not bargaining power, but

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deciding power, so also what it really wants is not equality of deciding power, but dominance. As a matter of fact, by virtue of the peculiar position in which it stands, labor could not stop at equality of either bargaining or deciding power, even if it would. It is, and must be, by the inevitable logic of the situation, either subordinate or dominant. The only question is whether it shall be subordinate to the employer or to the general public interest.

That is the real reason why every employer who has had any experience with organized labor, as it has been conducted in the past, is either openly or quietly opposed to it. I know of no other economic matter on which business men as a whole are more nearly unanimous. And this opposition is not based on the feeling that labor leaders are simply grafters and racketeers. Some of them are, of course; but business can not show a perfectly clear slate. It is not because even the most conservative unions, if they are unable to gain their ends by reason and persuasion, resort to, or wink at, "direct action"—and this sometimes means violence of the ugliest sort. It is not because even the best led unions, being legally irresponsible, find it only too often convenient to break their most solemn pledged agreements. Business men too, when they found it legally possible, have been known to do the same. It is not because labor unionism has sometimes officially sought to maintain that it is a "state within a state," and that its own laws are superior in provenance even to those of the United States itself! (As recently as May of this year, for example, the International Typographical Union specifically insisted that its "union laws" were not subject to amendment or veto either by the NRA or by any other governmental authority.) It is not—and keep this clearly in mind—because labor unions are always seeking for their own members higher and higher wages, regardless of the cumulative effect of such increases upon their less fortunate fellow citizens; for, so far as employers are concerned, there are thousands of them who thoroughly approve of shorter hours, of higher wages and of better working conditions, and who yet are implacably opposed to the control of their businesses by organized labor.

No, the reason why the vast majority of business men distrust unionism is because they realize that its dominance —so long as it retains its present form— would eventually mean the destruction of their businesses. In recent years they have come to see more and more clearly that organized labor, as it is at present conducted, involves no mere questions of wages and hours and working conditions. All these things are relatively trivial and subordinate. To the business man labor union control of his business has become an actual matter of life and death, and fighting off that control has become for him nothing less than a matter of self-preservation. And, if that is the case, you can hardly blame him for fighting!

In much the same way the increasing distrust which the average neutral citizen, connected with neither the employer nor the employe side, has come in recent years to have of organized labor has been due to the fact that he has come to sense more and more clearly that altogether too much of its basic thought is alien to our American spirit and tradition. For the American spirit, the American tradition, is preeminently one of personal liberty, of free initiative, of individualism. Labor unionism, on the other hand, not as it

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need be, of course, but as it is at present conducted, demands the complete merging of the individual will in the will of the mass, the complete denial of individual liberty in labor matters. And this denial has gone so far that it is not too much to say that, either openly or tacitly, organized labor tends at present, in its sympathies, its vocabulary and its tactics, in the direction of socialism or communism rather than in the direction of those things for which the American Republic stands. Although it has had a most amazing development in the new world, labor unionism has apparently never been able to rid itself of a sort of economic inferiority complex, has never succeeded in sloughing off the social biases of its origins and readapting itself spiritually to its American environment. Paul Einzig, in his recent *Economic Foundations of Fascism* puts it: "Politicians and [Socialist] authors succeeded in convincing the working classes that there was an irreconcilable feud between employers and employees."

Our labor unions, it has seemed to me, have, only too much and too often, acted more like wolves, slinking furtively on the outskirts of our social order, holding themselves outside all law, awaiting opportunity to dart in and cut down some one of the industrial herd, temporarily weakened by economic circumstance or otherwise vulnerable. That picture is not one which conforms with my idea of the innate dignity of labor. Labor unionism would seem to me to have in it too much of good intent, to have done—with all its obvious faults—too valuable a work in the past and to hold within itself too great possibilities for social service in the future, so to demean itself. I would give it more powers, not less, and a new social dignity, because I would see to it that those powers were conjoined with correlative responsibilities. I would see to it that it made itself, not a blurred mirror of European class distinctions and class hatreds, but a vital, constructive part of the American economic system and the American social order. This is not chimerical; it can be done; I see no good reason why it should not be done.

Of course this accusation of socialistic bias will be promptly denied by many of the leaders of the organized labor movement. They will point out that less than one-third of the organized unions are, as unions, avowedly communistic, and that these "radical" unions are the ones in which foreign membership and influence is overwhelmingly strong. They will point out that, although many of the members of the non-communistic unions may be, individually, Socialists or Communists, their unions as bodies are continually fighting what they term the "left wing menace." And they will tell the truth, for it is a fact that this internal fight between the communistic and non-communistic elements in labor unionism constitutes today one of its greatest disruptive forces.

But this does not negative my first statement. All the laws, rules and strategy of labor unionism are based, not on the assumption that the employer is a partner with the employe in a common business enterprise, in the prosperity of which both will share, but on the assumption that he is an enemy to be beaten, and that the more thoroughly he is beaten the better off the employe will be. The unionist continually repeats that all workmen are engaged in a "class struggle," in a "fight" against the "bosses." And all labor leaders realize perfectly well, if they are wise, and admit openly, if they are sincere, that the complete final success of labor unionism

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in its present form would, and could, of necessity logically mean but one thing, the complete and final destruction of the present business system, the end of the private ownership of all productive property, and the end of the American Republic, and of the American social order. In very few cases as yet have we been able to see the complete dominance of any one industry by a union; but, in those few cases where such dominance has become measurably complete—as, for instance, in the legitimate theatre, in the periodical printing industry in New York City, with the railroads—we have been able to witness the slow but inevitable choking to death of what had previously been flourishing industries.

And, because all those who have really studied the facts realize perfectly well the inevitability of this destructive impetus, I see nothing to be gained by glossing it over or seeking to deny its existence. Professor Slichter of Harvard, in his *Modern Economic Society*, writes: "It is often said that unionism of the type prevalent in the United States does not seek to overturn the existing economic order. . . . But examination of the changes they are making in industry indicates that they are revolutionary, and, in fact, are nibbling at the very foundations of the economic order. For the very essence of private property is the right to make decisions, and when unions limit that right they are making a fundamental change in private property. . . . It is a delusion to pretend that this is not revolutionary." And he adds: "But most revolutions are accomplished by men who know not what they do."

VI

But, if union labor, so long as it has its present ideals, policies, methods and basic viewpoint, is disqualified from making the sole or controlling decision in the labor matters with which it is concerned, so also, one must be prepared to admit, is the employer almost equally disqualified. For in the past he, perhaps quite naturally, but nevertheless short-sightedly, has also sought simply to try to get all he could for himself. There is no use denying that, by and large, neither side has ever had any tender regard, or in fact any regard at all, for the rights of their consumers, or for the rights of the general public who were not their consumers. Neither has had any broad economic vision. Neither, generally speaking, has taken into account, or has sought to take into account, the social implications of the labor decisions which they have reached.

But the only important third factor in labor controversies is that party in interest which is, after all, the most important one of all, the general public. Should *it* have the controlling decision? Despite many obvious and grave objections, I yet see no logical, or indeed possible, alternative. First, because, whatever the decision reached, it must "pay the bill"; second, because, if its decisions ask of the employer the unreasonable or the economically impossible, it alone is in a position to indemnify him for the loss which it has occasioned him; third, because, being neutral, it is at least more likely than either other party to render unbiased judgment between them.

On the other hand reference to the general public means reference to "arbitration," and the record of arbitration in labor disputes has been an undeniably ghastly one. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how the record could have been other than disappointing, when one analyzes the conventional

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set-up and procedure of a typical board of arbitration. You know the time-worn formula. The employer selects a "representative"; the union selects one; these two representatives, after interminable squabbling, dead-locking and wire-pulling, select a supposedly neutral third member. And it has sometimes seemed to me, as I have read some of his decisions, that the chief qualification of this third member must have been his profound ignorance of the matters in dispute and of all economic theory and business practice. When it finally comes to handing down the board's decision, the two first representatives of course *always* cancel each other out, leaving Profound Ignorance to "settle" the entire dispute alone. And, since of course Profound Ignorance never by any chance dares to invoke, or to attempt to establish, anything in the nature of fundamental principles, since his job, as he conceives it, is simply to "get the men back to work," his decision in practically every case is a "compromise." Whatever the issue is, he "splits the difference." That means that the public pays more for the product made or the service given; but that otherwise the "decision" gets nowhere; that nobody is really satisfied and that nothing is really "settled."

Of course this whole conventional set-up is wrong. What would we think if two litigants in a suit at law were invited to appoint "representatives," the two to name a third, and the three to settle the suit? And what would we further think if the three, in formulating their decision, ignored all such considerations as law, justice, precedent, or the public good. Think of it. We deem it socially necessary to select twelve neutral men to adjudicate a hundred-dollar legal claim. Yet we permit three men—and with two of the three impenetrably biased—to adjudicate a labor dispute involving hundreds of millions of dollars of property values, and affecting intimately, for good or ill, the lives of hundreds of thousands of men and women.

There must be, before we can hope effectively or wisely to settle *any* specific labor dispute, it seems to me, two things: (1) soundly conceived, broad-visioned, *national labor policy*, a policy resting on common justice and the general weal, rather than on physical violence or political expediency or financial advantage or the extreme personal pressure of any one economic group, a policy codified in sufficiently definite form to constitute an established—however tentatively established and however growing and flexible—and clear background of precedent; (2) a jury, appointed in each specific dispute, to apply that codified policy, as justly and wisely as may be, to the issues of that dispute, a jury large enough to be fairly representative, a jury, so far as may be, neutral and unbiased in its viewpoints, a jury—Heaven helping!—informed and incorruptible. "Representatives" of either employer or employe have of course no place on such a jury: they are litigants, not judges. Nor should the jury be made up, on the other hand, of men who have been either mere political hacks or of men who, however well-intentioned, have been remote from the actualities of life. Some of the jury, perhaps a majority of its members, should represent that special portion of the general public which is most interested in the dispute, namely the consumers of the product or the service involved, for the reason that, though neutral as between the two disputing parties, they are likely to have some reasonable knowledge

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of the issues involved in the dispute.

And, it is needless to add, when such a jury as this renders a decision, that decision should be as binding upon both parties as any other judicial determination.

VII

Have we, by these progressive steps, advanced at all toward a possible "solution" of the labor problem? May we recapitulate them? Basic justice rather than temporary expediency; recognition of the rights to consideration of all the parties in interest; willingness to attempt to "think through" the labor problem in all its aspects; unwillingness on the part of society at large to surrender decision, or dominance in decision, to either of the two original disputants; reference of all labor disputes to informed and neutral boards of arbitration, governmentally appointed—with full powers; the necessity of attempting, soberly and clear-eyed, the formulation of a national labor policy.

None of these steps may sound exciting. None of them is revolutionary. But, as basic principles, as guides toward a solution, can just issue be taken with any one of them by any American citizen of good intent? Do they not at least point out the road along which we might well travel?

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Come, Jenny

By Evan Coombes

A Story

The oldish man crept in between the sheets like one who has found the day too long. The day had been only sixty years long but he was ready for bed. He was so nearly through living that he slept hour after hour, his arms straight down his sides, as though he sought to accustom himself to death, to harden himself to the rigors of the long cold sleep that awaited him.

His wife established herself at the bedside and there she rocked and stayed. Others in the house came and went, moving soft-footed as the cat about the darkened room: the servants, the nurse and physician, the man's sister and his man friend. The only one in the house who did not come was his mother, poor daft soul, bedridden and without wits enough to know she had a son. But the wife stayed on in the low rocker; the hours turned again to night and still she would not leave. She must be there, she said, if Edward should speak, to hear his slightest word. It might be of all words the most significant, the last.

Thus Edward and his wife spent their final night together. She sat watching him by the dimmed light of the lamp, while he lay immobile; nothing of him appeared to move and yet he changed. Subtly, as the night advanced, his face grew younger; lines that had taken a lifetime to engrave were erased in a few hours. After midnight he lay beside his wife like her young lover, sleeping now that passion was over, not only of a single night but of all life. Misled by the bodily presence of her husband, she tried to speak to him, leaning close and putting her small plump hand over his cold one. Edward, she urged him, Edward, do not go without a word. But the years he had lost seemed to come between them; her voice could not reach across that space of time. Frightened by this double recession into youth and death, she went to the door intending to call the nurse, when she heard a faint stir behind her.

Edward had raised himself in bed. His eyes were open but he was not looking anywhere in the room. The walls had moved away that he might leave.

"Come," he said quietly. "Come, Jenny."

He said this name with such tenderness that his wife, Sara, could not go to him. The name had stricken her. She stood motionless while Edward went on his way without her.

II

During the hours that followed, Sara heard the name ringing in her ears like

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a discordant bell. The name itself was not untuneful, but the sound of it confused her grief. If she wept for the Edward she had known, her husband always gentle, she could not weep for the Edward who had proved faithless with his last word. He had gone from her, not only with death, but with another woman. Death, she recognized: she had met him at other beds; but who was Jenny? When she named over all the women she had ever known or ever heard Edward speak of, Jenny was not among them. This love had been his secret, one that he had carried hidden deep in his heart for many years, and finally bestowed upon his wife. It had been his last bequest to her, like a codicil to his will, but that the secret thus became her own, one that she too must carry hidden, she did not realize until she talked with his maiden sister, Ada.

For as soon as morning came, Sara, unable to be alone or still, wrapped her purple robe tightly about her small stout figure, tied the cord as about a purple bundle, and sought Ada where Ada was always to be found, in the bedroom of the ancient mother. That daft old lady was sleeping peacefully, unaware of her bereavement, while Ada sat by, an empty coffee-cup in her angular hands. Looking up as Sara entered, she asked with her usual abruptness:

"Did Edward speak at the end? You did not tell us last night. Had he no word of love for any one?"

It was then that Sara realized that she must not tell the dreadful truth. No one must know that Edward's word of love had been illicit. She sank down in a chair and covered her face with her hands and she did not emerge until she had determined upon the best thing to say.

"Yes, Ada, he said two or three words, but the sad part of it is, that's all I know. He spoke softly and I was on my way out of the room."

"But the inflection of his voice? Did he seem to be calling a name or saying farewell?"

"Perhaps it was a name but not in farewell. It was more as though he called some one to him."

"And you have no idea who it was?"

"I have no idea who it was," she replied, sighing heavily, for the truth was solid under her words.

Ada put down the coffee-cup and arose.

"Really, Sara, I don't see how you could have helped hearing something." Her voice was rough with tears and dissatisfaction. "It seems very queer, not a syllable."

She began to pace the floor, suddenly halting at the foot of the bed as though struck by the sight of her ancient parent lying there, so tenacious of life, living on while younger hearts failed. The mahogany four-poster, the aged woman, the patch-work quilt of motley silks, these three composed a trinity, harmonious and inseparable. She seemed to have become part of the bed, caught and rooted there, deriving her strength from the wood like a mythical figure imprisoned in a tree; only her head was visible, dried and withered from long exposure to time.

"Whatever name he called," said Ada with extreme bitterness, "it wasn't Mother."

"Men often do, when they are dying."

"We may be sure that Edward did not. She was always hard, enforcing her will on him from the very beginning. She seemed to resent his true nature and was everlastingly after him, driving him, trying to make him different. I

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don't believe he ever did anything he wished to do."

"That's a terrible thing to say, Ada." Sara could not resist argument with her sister-in-law even at a time like this. "I'm sure I never knew what Edward wished, he said so little. Besides, he needed a strong influence, some one like his mother to direct him and make him succeed."

"Succeed! Let him not succeed but let him live his own life in his own way. Why did she make him take up the law? Not because he was suited to it but because she wanted him to carry on the family tradition. And he yielded because he was not combative or self-willed enough to fight it out. That he succeeded at all, as you call it, was thanks to his secretary; Miss Quinlan was a better lawyer than Edward, and Mother was too, for that matter."

The old head on the pillow suddenly took on life. One eye opened and vitality sprang there as she cannily peered up at her daughter.

"Mother, Mother?" she repeated sharply. Her tone was worn thin and brittle by years of use. "I knew Mother, knew her well. She baked cookies. She made green tomato pickles in a crock."

"There's love for you," said Ada, standing tall and denunciatory at the foot of the bed, "remembering her mother by her pickles. She never loved any one but herself. Edward knew what she was, hard, domineering, selfish. He did not call her name at the end. What love could he have had for her?"

"Love?" queried the old mother. "What's love?"

Her old daughter laughed. "Yes, Mother, what's love? You tell us."

"Love, bosh," she muttered. "Girls love dolls, boys love dogs, I love cats. Where's my puss?"

The gray cat curled in a basket twitched one ear.

III

In this way Sara kept Edward's secret to herself, telling every one who asked the same thing she had told Ada. And yet, as the days passed, the possession of this secret caused her increasing distress. It was not that she wished to share it with any one, since to betray Edward would be to betray herself; what would her pride not suffer to admit his greater love for another woman? No, it was the thought of the other woman, the mystery surrounding her that Sara could not endure. Was she fair or dark? Where had he met her? Was she young? These things and many more Sara longed to know, and she turned the woman's name over and over like a little locket with a hidden spring. Jenny, Jenny. The name evoked a small person, demure and wren-like, a widow perhaps, who had come to consult him about an estate; a widow dressed in black with that coy touch of white that is so becoming, so alluring, like a bridal hope, a promise of spring in the midst of winter. It seemed fairly certain that Jenny was a client, and therefore, when the faithful secretary called one afternoon with condolence and a brief-case, Sara resolved on an adroit line of questioning. For no matter how discreet Edward might have been, he could not have deceived the keen eyes of the efficient, the redoubtable Miss Quinlan.

"You must have known my husband very well indeed," said Sara, "you were associated with him so many years."

"I knew him as well as a secretary can know her employer through a purely professional relationship."

Literal and decisive was the speech of Miss Quinlan, qualities evident in her

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entire person, in the poise of her upright figure, in the cut of her tweed suit and her smartly cut hair. The softly rounded Sara however, with her black silk contours, faced this worthy opposite without alarm. There had never been anything between the two women but courtesy and contempt.

"You were invaluable. I don't know what he would have done without you," Sara continued graciously.

"He would have found another secretary," was the accurate reply. "He only needed some one who could have carried on his practice much better without him. Don't misunderstand me. My regard for your husband was not lessened by my opinion of him as a lawyer. But Edward Morris was not made for the law, and he exhausted himself by his constant efforts to reconcile its operations with those of justice. You see, he would allow his emotions, his sentiments, to become engaged."

"Ah yes," said Sara, "his sentiments became engaged."

"And I believe, Mrs. Morris, that his untimely end was brought about by a distress of the heart, not only physical but spiritual. He loved peace and was always amid contention. He was an idealist, and yet was forced to come into daily contact, as the lawyer must, with man in his worst and most evil aspect."

"Not to mention woman," said Sara. She saw an opening and deftly interposed her question. "In fact, there is a woman I want to ask you about, some one whose case apparently worried my husband. I could not understand what he wanted me to do about it, because he spoke indistinctly and all I heard was the first name. No doubt you can tell me about a woman named Jenny?"

"No," Miss Quinlan answered promptly, "I can not."

"What do you mean, you can not?"

"Precisely what I say, Mrs. Morris. In private life, I never equivocate."

"You might mean that you knew but could not tell me."

"True. But I mean that I do not know and therefore can not tell you."

"But it may not be a recent case. Think back. Years ago perhaps, don't you remember a widow named Jane? Or perhaps a ward, a young girl he was fond of, called Jenny?"

There was a leaning forward in Sara's tone and attitude that exceeded her caution, and the keen eye of the secretary became keener and lit with a peculiar gleam.

"No, I am truly sorry, I can not remember widow or ward named Jane or Jenny or even Genevieve. Have you asked your husband's friend, Matthew Parr? He will surely know some Jenny, and possibly the one referred to." Rising to go, she added: "I can assure you that Mr. Morris's relations with his clients and every one in the office were always most formal. If you must know who the lady is, I advise you to seek her outside the law."

"I may have been mistaken in the name," said Sara, as serenely as she was able.

IV

When the door closed upon Miss Quinlan's departure, Sara could not get to the telephone quickly enough, and an hour later Matthew Parr responded by entering the room where she sat awaiting him, tapping the floor with a plump impatient foot.

"You look quite pink, Sara," he said. "Was Miss Q. too much for you?"

Her cheeks were indeed pink and as she rocked back and forth her black silk

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appeared unduly ruffled like the plumage of an angry bird.

"Sit down, Matthew. I want to talk to you."

"For the first time, I believe. It must be very important."

"It is. You are the only one who knew Edward well enough and long enough to tell me what I want to know."

"My only qualification of any value whatever," said Matthew. But he seemed to be undisturbed by his balance of worthlessness. He sat down, crossing his long arms, crossing his long legs, and viewing Sara with some curiosity.

"I can not tell you why I ask this," she said, "but do you know of any other woman in Edward's life?"

"You astound me!"

"Don't put me off. Answer me plainly."

"Upon my word, you sound like Miss Q." He smiled and dug in his pocket, bringing forth a pipe which he held as tightly as though he expected it to be snatched from him. "I know this is against the rules, but unless you allow me to smoke, I can not undertake to answer your question."

"Smoke your pipe, Matthew, if it will help you to tell the truth. The windows can be opened after you are gone."

Leisurely, he filled the pipe from an old pouch, pressed down the tobacco, sought innumerable pockets for matches, and finally produced a light, sucking his gaunt cheeks more and more hollow.

"Now," he said, smoking comfortably, "what was your question?"

"How you enjoy tormenting me. You know perfectly well what I asked."

"Yes, and there's no need of evading you. I do know of another woman in Edward's life."

Sara sat forward, her cheeks pinker than ever.

"Tell me all about her. What is she like?"

"I don't know what she is like now. It may disappoint you to learn that this happened before you were married. After marriage, of course, romance ceased for Edward."

"I am not disappointed, whatever you mean by that, but I am surprised that it happened so long ago. Was he very much in love with her?"

"He was deeply in love with her. She was a beautiful creature, perfectly formed, body and soul, for the allurement of men. He worshipped her, and being a confounded idiot, did not realize that a woman with a genius for love must exercise it, and no one man is sufficient. The night he found this out, he came directly to me. I remember how white and shaken he was, and how he traveled up and down the room. 'I shall never love woman again,' he said, 'never love woman again.' "

Sara was silent a moment, looking down, turning the rings on her fingers.

"He never changed his mind, Matthew."

"Oh, well, his love for you was different, not desperate or passionate like this affair. I'm sure he was a good husband to you, living your kind of life, and trying to make you happy."

"It made him happier too." She was mildly defiant. "If I took him into social life, it was for his own good."

"For his own good! Don't you know that detestable phrase is an acknowledgement of guilt?"

"No, but I suppose you would have had him as vagabond as yourself, drifting from one thing to another, reading poetry, going fishing, and accomplishing nothing."

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"You have outlined the ideal existence and I used to think he agreed with me. But alas, you ladies, all trying to do him good. God bless the ladies, I say, in Edward's life."

"And what about you, Matthew, since we are speaking so plainly? Weren't you a disappointment to him? Why did you see so little of each other in later years?"

"To my eternal shame," said Matthew gravely, "I deserted my friend. I ceased to understand him, thinking he had gone over to the enemy, and he on his side, must have thought me renegade indeed. And now that we have had our say, I shall apologize and depart."

"Just a moment." She looked up at him hesitatingly as he arose. "Would it surprise you to know that Edward never forgot her, his first love, and the last word he spoke was Jenny?"

"Jenny!" He sat down again abruptly. "But that wasn't her name!"

"Not Jenny?" she finally enunciated.

"No, it was Della. I know nothing about a Jenny." He sucked his pipe and stared. "But look here, how do we know Della was his first love? Perhaps there was a young girl when they lived out in the country. Doesn't Ada remember?"

But Sara did not appear to be listening.

"Della," she said, with the utmost contempt. "Who cares about a Della!"

V

Up the stairs Sara hurried, straight for the bedroom of the ancient Morris, where she knew Ada was to be found. The old mother blinked dozily on her pillows; the old daughter sat knitting by the window, spinster in the late afternoon sun that gave no warmth, but cast a ruby glow throughout the room.

"I smelled Matthew's pipe," said Ada.

"You did indeed. I sent for him." Out of breath, she sat down heavily in the first chair she came to, lifting the cat that was sleeping in it to her lap.

"Whatever did you want to see him for?"

"About Edward." Betrayals no longer concerned her or her own pride. Desperately, she plunged: "I did not tell you the truth, Ada. I heard the name Edward called when he died."

"I thought it very queer." The knitting needles went faster. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because it was the name of a woman and it wasn't mine and I don't know who she was. Matthew thought you . . ."

"What was it?"

"Jenny," she cried, "that's the name your brother called, Jenny!"

"Never heard of her," said Ada emphatically.

Sara burst into tears.

With the sound of her weeping came a soft chuckling from the bed. Crying or laughing were one to the old mother, who seemed to find this an occasion for mirth.

"Oh, Jenny," she repeated in a high-pitched voice, "Jenny, Jenny, Jenny . . ."

"Quiet, Mother," said the daughter sternly.

But Sara held her tears, suddenly struck.

"Ada, I believe she knows."

"What could she know about Edward that I do not?"

"You might have forgotten. Matthew thought Jenny was a girl, some one Edward knew when you lived out in the country, perhaps a little girl he played with."

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"H'm, I doubt it. But of course, his childhood was not mine. When he was twelve, I was only three. If Jenny was a little girl, I wouldn't remember."

"Jenny, Jenny, Jenny," the call came softly from the bed.

Sara arose, and holding the cat in her arms, its body limp with sleep, she went to stand beside the bed.

"Mother, you remember the little girl named Jenny, don't you?"

She looked up slyly from her pillow, only her head visible, severed by the edge of the quilt, a silken guillotine. The merry face might have been a jester's head on a stick, decked as it was by the motley patches of bright silk, feather-stitched between, crazy quilt fit for a daft old lady, feather-brained.

"Little girl?" she queried. "Used to be little girls long ago. Aprons with pockets. Sprigged muslin and pigtails."

"No good asking her anything," said Ada. "Try to forget about it. Whoever Jenny was, it's all over and done with."

Sara held the cat closely in her arms for comfort, while its coat twitched under her teardrops.

"But he must have loved her dearly. I can see him now as he sat up in bed, a kind of joy in his face. He seemed to be young again, and he did not look at me or anywhere in the room. And he said so quietly, 'Come,' he said, 'come, Jenny,' as though she was the only one he wanted to go with him."

"Edward going somewhere?" asked his mother, tugging at the edge of the quilt.

"He's gone, Mother. Edward's gone."

"Off by himself, I reckon. Boy always going off by himself. Tramping the woods and hills. Bread and apple in his pocket. No one with him but that old setter he loved. I heard him calling her awhile back."

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The Country Press Reawakens

By Charles Morrow Wilson

As buying power goes out again into the farming communities, the country newspaper shows its tenacious hold on American life

J. Milam, who edits and publishes a country newspaper, without use of linotype, power press, electricity or telegraph, had asked me down for a squirrel Mulligan. He had made the point clear that he is not a hunter of squirrel, or otherwise; that he is opposed to killing anything, including time.

But a subscription had lately been renewed in squirrel meat, and since young squirrel makes excellent stew, the editor-publisher felt that something should be done about it. The situation touched me so deeply that I hurried to the spot; my decrepit coupé moaning along through forest lands golden and scarlet in the heyday of early autumn, until finally it came to a coughing halt before a low rock courthouse lined with hitching posts.

This particular country courthouse is first anchorage for the county seat town of Jasper, Arkansas, a square of small shops which offer their goods in disciplined resignation to bringers of dependable trade—time-tested countrymen and hillside farmers.

Second only to the courthouse, the *Informer*, wedged between the drug store and produce station, is the best loafing place of the village. There the casual sitter-down, or the bringer of local tidings, is not distracted by the vibrating roar of power presses, or by linotypes that never-endingly click and putter like sleet falling on dead grass. There is no railroad in the county, and no telegraph office. The telephone exchange is home-owned and home-operated. Sometimes it works and sometimes not. Mail reaches the town but once a day, and to a great part of the surrounding countryside it gets out but twice a week. But the *Informer,* which J. Milam issues weekly and by hand, with hand-set type lifted from a rack that has been producing an uninterrupted flow of *Informers* for the past thirty-three years, goes tranquilly on.

Strolling into the office, I heard a subdued gurgle of cookery, and a deft clicking of type letters being slipped into a metal "stick." A customer waited at the editor's desk, a sunburnt and grinning youth in faded blue overalls, a young man of the land who had brought in a basket of late squashes to settle up a year's subscription; also triumphant news. Overnight he had become father of a nine-pound boy.

J. Milam left his type case to deliver

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congratulations and to accept the basket of squashes. I studied the publisher and editor, firmly tall and sunbrowned; sleeves rolled, hands and wrists blackened in miry contrast to his immaculate linen breeches and unsullied white shirt. He addressed the elated newsbringer:

"That's mighty fine. Doc Stewart came by for a cup of coffee last night just before he left for your place. So I held the space for you. What's the young man's name?"

"Edward Junior."

The Informer removed his horn-rimmed spectacles with something of a start.

"But your name is Dave."

The customer smiled reassurance.

"Sure it is, but me and my wife decided to name the boy Edward after her Pa and Junior after me. We reckon on callin' him E.J.—anyway till after he's growed up for startin' to school. Then he'll be Edward, or maybe just Ed."

II

J. Milam smiled, made record of the renewed subscription, stored the squashes in a handy corner, and stirred the stewing squirrel meat before he went back to type-setting. Copy was being born. I lit a cigarette, pondering upon the ease of its birth, and the simplicity of equipment for its obstetrics—a paper-cutter, a shelf for type cases, a rack with drawers of loose type; a flat press no bigger than a dressing table; a rolltop desk equipped with a dictionary, almanac, *Agriculture Yearbook*, a loose-leaf calendar, a Bible and a mound of loose paper—all in all, the elemental ingredients of publishing centred in no more than a ton of metal and in a very few cubic feet of space.

It is said, perhaps with as much truth as smartness, that whereas the American business man opens his conversations by talking first about business and then about himself, the gentleman of the press speaks first about himself and then about business. But J. Milam began by talking about his business. He believes that the country newspaper is basically sound first of all because it is, or certainly should be, part of the life blood of American agriculture, which remains not only the mightiest of American trades from a numerical standpoint, but also a rather definitely molded way of living. He believes that the place of the country newspaper is proven and secure so long as it can uphold reader loyalty, the one priceless ingredient, the lamp-rubbing Aladdin of all journalistic longevity.

He believes that reader loyalty rests upon sympathy and service on the part of the paper; sympathy with the seasonal and enduring problems and viewpoints; service, first in honest reflection of countryside news, and editorials that are pertinent and sympathetic; second with impartial summaries of the more outstanding State and national news—for the benefit of the one-paper reader; and finally, where it is possible, by intelligently linking local news with news trends that are more far-reaching.

The first mission is the most important of all. For the life of the country press lies in the local and the intimate, in the casual interests and the more than casual hopes of rural America.

Textbooks of college journalism define news as "anything timely that interests a number of readers, and the best news is that with the greatest interest for the greatest number," which makes a nice line to recite, at least in college journalism classes. But

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J. Milam, as one who earns his living from written copy, rarely ever bothers with verbal recitations. Moreover, since it is a newspaper's job to speak for itself, the *Informer's* editor expressed its practices of country news presentation by handing me a galley of type, from which I quote verbatim and right gayly:

"Chinquapins are ripening, squirrels are fattening, sorghum-making time is here and local hunters are again looking over their hounds with careful eye.

"Capt. George Clark, deputy sheriff and collector, returned Monday from a vacation trip to various and sundry places. He has taken off his necktie and is again wielding a calculating and figuring pencil.

"A very effective and soothing treatment for sore throats is to gargle every hour or two with warm salt water.

"*Methodist Episcopal Church Notes:*

"Thanks to the men who have been helping so splendidly, we will soon have a new roof on the church. It is going to look fine. Be a booster and help the church.

"Although autumn does not begin officially until September 21, the fall series of dominoes has begun, and daily games are being played by Dr. O. A. Moore, H. L. Raney, and Ned Brooks.

"When the rest get through telling their rattlesnake killing stories Art Hoyer will tell one about a 54-inch 'big boy' that he killed recently. Wonder if he has the record? Anyway, Art is still chuckling because his rattlesnake was longer than Doyle Spencer's.

"The next Newton county singing convention will be held in Limestone beginning next Saturday at 2 o'clock p.m. We hope to have all classes in the county represented, so come and let's have a good convention.

"Boyd Robinson fell off a stave truck last week and was bruised up considerably. His injuries are not serious, however, and he is getting along nicely now."

As one reader to another, I believe the column to be packed with news; solvent and sincere news, perhaps lacking in "big significance," but profoundly worth while in that it reflects and interprets a great section of American life.

III

The issue was flowering into publication. J. Milam stood over his rack, lifting out type letters with his fingers, slinging them into column forms with the carefree certainty that comes of a generation's practice as a hand compositor. On the bench before him were scraps of paper, scrawled with notes and figures, but as a working technique he writes directly with type, rarely bothering with manuscript copy other than that contributed by local correspondents.

I read over a handful of the latter. Most of it was scribbled in pencil; much of it semi-literate; most of it written by farm wives whose lives have been spent in the communities about which they write; modest scribes who record the every-day happenings and views of their own small worlds, receiving for the service no pay except in subscriptions. Few of them sign their work. Yet they write on, through flood and famine, drought and pestilence—miniature historians who expect neither money nor fame.

Their writings are frequently incisive and quaint, sometimes brilliant. I picked at random an obituary, scribbled on brown wrapping paper with a very dull pencil:

"Uncle John Spencer, 89-year-old

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postmaster at Plumlee, died Saturday, September 10, and was buried on Mt. Sherman Monday, beside his wife, with most of the mountain in attendance. Beautiful flowers and an ideal September day helped make Uncle John's final farewell gathering a time of inspiration and happiness for all. Inspiration because of the fine life that had been lived among us, and happiness because Uncle John's earthly troubles are over and he has gone to a greater service in realms beyond the limits of time. . . .

"Uncle John used to hunt a lot when young. In those days there was plenty of deer and wild turkies everywhere on Mt. Sherman and of course a great many squirrel and other small game. Even while sick, Uncle John said laughingly 'I'll probably be tearing out to Harve Raney's cove when I feel better, if the deer are still running.'

"As postmaster of Plumlee, six miles west of Jasper, for the past fifteen years, Uncle John insisted that the account books balance to the penny every day. . . . And the Post Office Inspector said that Uncle John was keeping the office better than most of the young P.M.'s. 'I like my work and I think my patrons are fine people' Uncle John often said. . . .

"Last year, at 88, Uncle John said he'd like to make the hundred mark. But old age complications weakened him gradually, until finally he passed into deep sleep to wake up in eternity."

J. Milam believed this one of the best bits of writing that he has ever thrown into type. It is longer than most of his items. As a rule he prefers to condense each story into a maximum of a hundred words. He has found that rural interest can be held best by short, pertinent items, shaped to the spirit of the prevailing language and interest. He points this out as a fact and not as a criticism. He believes that country people by and large, like townspeople, are getting to be better readers all the time. Schools are helping in this. So also is the magnificent current flow of national and world news. So also is the "newer spirit of social justice." The forgotten man is gradually becoming remembered, and he is anxious to do his part of the remembering, and to take advantage of his privileges and obligations as a contemporary American.

In this connection, J. Milam is not a "sectionalist." He believes that country people are country people and townsmen are townsmen pretty much the world over, and that the two classes have a great deal in common. He believes that "local color" belongs to every community and section, and for that matter to every one of God's acres—just as do air and sunlight, death and birth, and changing seasons. He regards local color, as fodder for feature writers or novelists who would picture one particular section of the nation as a quaint and folkish exception to all others, as a rather watery and unconvincing mixture of duck soup. But he believes that the country man, usually a little less confused by the uproar and hubbub of modern living than the townsman, is likely to ponder a little more deliberately upon the ways and vagaries of life, and government, and destinies.

In spite of isolation and distances, he finds that countryside news is rather easy to gather. Being the real life pattern of his people, it is also their conversation. J. Milam's personal formula for news-gathering is simple: "Keep listening, and never do more than half the talking."

Naturally the country editor must live close to his people. J. Milam, like legions of journalistic confederates,

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names such a course as both a deliberate choice and a personal privilege.

IV

All this belongs in the general catalogue of the country press, which as an American institution is as old as the farming frontiers and even more enduring, in the sense that it lives on, even after frontiers have tumbled into the Pacific. There must be both economic and contemporary reasons for this survival.

The outstanding current news of the country press is simply that the country press is today meeting a reawakening and a renaissance of power and of health. Financially and tangibly speaking, the life of the country newspaper rises and ebbs with the income level of the farming profession.

Therefore recent black years which have left rural America altogether too much in the red have presented the country newspaper with an acid test of survival. Over the nation as a whole, between 1929 and 1933, country newspaper advertising appears to have fallen about thirty per cent; its gross circulation about fifteen per cent, and its copy lineage about twenty per cent. During those darkish years the nation's total of country newspapers fell from about 2,800 to about 2,600, which in comparison with rural banks and mercantile establishments was surely not a distressing casualty rate. Moreover, even during these years when crop prices lagged below one-half of their pre-War levels and sagged perilously near a century's low, the number of weekly newspapers with preponderantly rural circulation actually increased in a few sections of the South and West. It is hard to say why or how. But the statement is supported by reliable records.

But now that new dawn is showing at the far end of the agrarian valley; now that the market worth of farm crops has risen about a billion and a quarter dollars within eighteen months; now that the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has showered farming realms with some four hundred million dollars in cash bounties for acreage limitation and proposes to circulate an additional seven hundred millions into farm pockets during the remainder of 1934; now that the nation by and large turns again to the old and sure refuge of earth for defense against forces which threaten its very life; now that we are restoring the earlier adage to the effect that it is really the farm dollar that turns the wheels of American commerce; now that farmers can and are buying again, the destinies of the country newspaper seem definitely upon the up-grade.

Recently the General Extension Service of the United States Department of Agriculture completed a "rural buying-power survey" of about 2,800 of the 3,100 counties and parishes of the United States. Study of this survey shows that the new thrust of farm buying is centred primarily upon staple necessities and materials for farm repairs and maintenance; that the farmer is buying cautiously; that moneyless years have given him abundant time to differentiate between dispensables and non-dispensables; that current farm buying power is markedly penalized by the need of paying back-taxes and delinquent debt.

But the survey also indicates that the American farmer, by and large, regards his local newspaper as a necessity, rather than as a luxury; that his increasing consumption of the city daily newspaper is not damping his demand for the local

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or county weekly or semi-weekly. The survey indicates in a general way that country newspaper circulation is gradually increasing throughout the farming areas of the South, Southwest, Mid-West and Far West, along with more restricted areas of the Piedmont, Tidewater and of New England. It tells specifically that country newspaper advertising is scoring a nation-wide increase of from five to ten per cent over the average volume for the past three years; that the increase of advertising volume seems to be greatest in the Southwest and the Corn Belt, where numerous counties report thirty to forty per cent increases in country advertising, one of the best-proven yardsticks for local buying power. Still another evidence of the reawakening of our country press is forwarded by the Ayers estimate that about 117 new weekly newspapers have been foaled within the past eighteen months.

V

J. Milam, for one, lists all of these as promising symptoms. He believes that the country editor is again entitled to puff a mellow pipe now and then, or even to absorb an occasional bottle of beer—out of sheer satisfaction. Farm buying power is coming back, which means that the country newspaper again has a fair chance to regain its pull, provided, of course that it can muster sufficient heft to perform the pulling. It means that more subscriptions are being paid in cash, rather than in firewood, pumpkins, stewing apples, home-raised fruit or meats.

But in view of the fact that the squirrel Mulligan was still yielding delectable aromas and great culinary promise, J. Milam hurried to put me clear on the point that he cherishes reader loyalty of a calibre to induce the subscriber to pay his subscription in produce and provender when cash is relentlessly lacking; that he relishes squirrel meat and sundry other payment in barter—with the single exception of a very much alive goat named Perry who recently appeared as payment for a five-year subscription, and proved itself such a pestiferous nuisance that the editor pleaded to extend the subscription another year if the subscriber would only agree to take the outrageous beast back home again. Perhaps all of this is merely a roundabout way of saying that rural America is becoming a happier realm now that the yeoman again becomes able to trade in clean money rather than in cumbersome barter.

So much for the immediate news of country newspapering. Our attentions were momentarily turning to the squirrel stew. The county judge, beaming and coatless, strolled in ostensibly for a casual chat and a turn at non-constructive whittling. The squirrel Mulligan was becoming right. A storekeeper and a village barber appeared from the sky-blocked alleyway as if by intuitive magic. J. Milam took recess from professional duties, set the wrapping table with plates and cutlery, served up the stew and set the feast. The squirrel Mulligan was an eminent success.

Like most of his brethren of the fourth estate, J. Milam would almost rather talk shop than to eat. When the opportunity comes for combining the two then all is doubly well. So we ate, and talked shop.

In common with more famed and better publicized helmsmen of the press, J. Milam defines the country newspaper as a working laboratory and an experimental source of national journalism; as the varyingly clear spring

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that gives forth the first headwaters of the vast and torrential river of publications.

Personally I take issue with his definition in but one respect—the substitution of *literature* for *journalism*. And I would not trump or trick in matters of definition, for I would abide by the staid dictum of the *Oxford Dictionary* in calling *literature* "the use of letters for promulgation of thought or knowledge; the communication of facts, ideas, or emotions by means of publication."

The country newspaper's interests hold backgrounds of significant endurance; of repetitions endowed with personal variety and freshness. For its purposes every homestead has a story, or more likely several stories, even if the item be nothing more than mention of a particularly promising bed of sunflowers, or a new quilt lately patterned by the farm wife, a successful strawberry harvest, a home-made dining table, a new barn roof, or an extraordinarily big hog. For it is with these workaday items that the true weave of rural America is fashioned.

The country newspaper can still afford to be conversational and casual, and reasonably spontaneous in text and in substance. It need cater to no cliques of "intellectuals." It can be free of the dogmatic shackles of both corporation creeds and academy formulæ. It need not beguile, or seek to lure, or flirt with the tired-eyed sophisticate whose enthusiasms and convictions have long since been dissipated and put to rout. A given institution of a given countryside, it need not combat competition with devious and tricky snares.

What is still more important in a literary rôle, editing a country newspaper presupposes no unreasonable mania for "spot" news; no blood-houndish fervor for "hot copy." It can sprinkle the new and untried news with the older and better proven; factual occurrence with pastoral reflection and bucolic drollery and clothesline talk. And these stay the truest literature as well as the most convincing living ways of American life.

These credos lead directly to Editor Milam's conviction that the country weekly is not being harmed by the increasing rural permeation of the city daily. He knows that rising rural literacy and accompanying interest in national and international news chronicles of the day are very surely increasing the rural demand for the daily newspaper. Study a newspaper trade journal, and you will notice that from various and sundry inland cities and towns—Atlanta, Raleigh, Des Moines, Kansas City, Louisville, St. Louis, Columbus, Dallas and dozens of others—come optimistic increases of the "territories" of the local daily paper, while the office of the Postmaster General marks a notable increase in the volume of city newspapers delivered over rural routes in farm communities which comprise trade areas and hinterlands of those cities.

J. Milam, who has spent his lifetime at publishing a country newspaper, looks upon this development as an asset, rather than a liability of his bucolic profession.

"From a standpoint of countryside demand, I look upon the country weekly and the city daily as colleagues, rather than competitors."

Perhaps the best support for this viewpoint rises from the fact that current statistics prove that the country circulation of both now seems to be increasing at a closely uniform rate in very much the same areas of the vast American farm realm. J. Milam dwells upon the fact that both the country

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weekly and the city daily remain distinctive entities in themselves; the former keeping with its time-tested rôle of presenting the local and the intimate; the latter a more pretentious but perhaps a less effective clearing house for the world panorama of hourly and communicable occurrence. Just as the country newspaper is likely to have neither staff nor space for offering full coverage of State, national and international news, so the city daily, in the vast majority of instances, is too rushed for operating time and too crowded with competitive news releases to allow regular coverage of the workaday life of the unheralded farming community. True, it may carry a given quota of rural "features" and farming news, just as the country newspaper is nowadays obliged to give over a conservative percentage of its columns to summary of State and national news, or to linking and interpreting local news in terms of general. But by and large the city daily must continue to abide that proverbial State-desk adage which tells that, to justify city space, countryside or area correspondence must answer two demands. It must be of outstanding local interest to the given locale and it must also be of dependable general interest to the casual reader.

In practice, this adage proves a stern yardstick and an enduring barrier to duplication of content of the city and the country press. But J. Milam is but vaguely interested in formulated techniques for newspapering. He says that good writing is good writing and bad writing is bad, whether it be in his Newton County, Arkansas, *Informer*, the Ginger Blue, Missouri, *Beacon*, The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the New York *Times*, the *Odyssey* of Homer, or the Holy Bible. He believes that the best newspaper is the best written newspaper and that the one real test of good writing lies in its potentialities for utility and entertainment to good readers. And he believes that the country newspaper reader is very probably the best of all newspaper readers because he is likely to be the most thorough reader and the most securely bound to the vital interests of his environment.

Therefore the country press survives. And therefore it reawakens.

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Poland Plays a Dangerous Game

By G. E. W. Johnson

In the maneuvering for position of European countries anticipating a new war, Poland snatches at an opportunity to break into the circle of great powers

Twenty years ago Poland was no more than a geographical expression denoting a vaguely defined territory divided among Germany, Russia and Austria. Fifteen years ago it was a young republic, independent indeed, but just learning to toddle; it was sandwiched between a hostile Russia and a resentful Germany, and only too glad to snuggle under France's protecting wing as one of her obedient allies and satellites. Today all is changed. Poland is one of the pivotal states of Europe, eagerly wooed by Russia, Germany and France alike. It is no exaggeration to say that it is one of the powers in whose hands rests the fate of Europe. Will there be another war? Who will be involved? Who will win? It is by no means as far-fetched as it may seem at first blush to suggest that the answer to these questions may well be determined by the action of the Polish Government.

This situation arises from the fact that Poland occupies a geographical position of the utmost strategical importance, and at the same time has developed great inherent strength. If Great Britain, France and Italy can play the rôle of great powers with a population of forty million apiece, why should not Poland break into the select group when she has a population of over thirty million? To be so near the charmed circle and yet so far is most tantalizing, and the Poles are doing their best to worm their way in.

They are not altogether without the resources to sustain the rank of a great power. Poland has in large measure consolidated her internal unity. This in itself is an achievement of no mean order. In the Eighteenth Century Poland had been partitioned among Russia, Austria and Prussia, and for about a century and a half—save for a brief interlude under Napoleon—the three fragments of the old Polish kingdom were subjected to three quite different administrative and educational systems. Austrian Poland (Galicia) alone enjoyed a certain measure of autonomy, and was allowed to cultivate the Polish language and literature; those regions which were under German or Russian rule were the victims of harsh experiments in Germanization and Russianization which succeeded in destroying much of the Polish cultural life without uprooting the stubborn Polish national sentiment. The German yoke,

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though heavy and galling, was at least efficient and free from graft; the Russian Government inflicted upon the Poles not only tyranny and oppression, but corruption and slovenliness as well.

Each of these three different methods of government could not but leave its separate and peculiar impress upon the people, even to the extent of influencing their outward demeanor. General Niessel, one of the French members of the Interallied Mission which visited Poland in 1919 to assist in setting the young republic on its feet, remarked a difference in the manner in which the inhabitants of the former Russian and German regions manifested their welcome to the Mission. The Poles of Warsaw, who had been habituated to the slipshod methods of Russian rule, swarmed out into the street and even on to the running boards of the cars; the Poles of Posen (Poznan), on the other hand, who had been formed in the mold of the traditional Prussian discipline, did not overstep the limits of the sidewalks. When the three fragments of Poland were once more reunited after the War, they found each other a little strange in their ways, and it required many years to infuse into them a common national outlook. There are still sizable minorities, numbering altogether about thirty per cent of the population—Ukrainians, White Russians, Ruthenians, Lithuanians, Germans, Jews—who are not unanimous in their praise of Polish rule; in some cases their disaffection has been repressed with the utmost harshness, despite the fact that by the minority clauses of the peace treaties Poland is obligated to treat them with consideration. However, so far as the Poles themselves are concerned, it may fairly be said that they have been consolidated into a strongly knit whole. They have a highly developed consciousness of their past greatness, and are eager once more to make the name of Poland ring in the world as it rang in the days of Casimir the Great, the kings of the Jagiello dynasty, and John Sobieski.

More than any other man, Marshal Józef Pilsudski has been responsible for whipping Poland into shape. A stubborn fighter for independence in the old days, he has seen the inside of both Russian and German prisons. Since Poland became a sovereign state in 1918, he has been almost continuously at the helm of Poland's destiny, first as President of the republic, then as Prime Minister, and now as Minister of War. As in the case of Stalin, a relatively minor official post is the velvet glove that conceals the iron hand of the dictator. A new constitution, which he caused the Polish Parliament to enact in December, 1933, vests autocratic powers in the President, and is believed to presage Pilsudski's intention once more to assume that office. Pilsudski, however, is sixty-seven years old, and he delegates all the more arduous activities connected with the management of Poland's foreign policy to his right-hand man and former private secretary, Colonel Józef Beck, who, at forty years of age, is one of Europe's youngest foreign ministers.

II

Marshal Pilsudski and Colonel Beck are anxious to bridge the narrow gap separating Poland from the status of a great power. In their pursuit of this goal they have a valuable asset which serves to bolster up Poland's aspirations. Poland occupies a key position on

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the map, of such a nature that she cannot be ignored in any diplomatic alignment that may be arrived at.

Poland's geographical position is highly important for two reasons. First, she is situated between Germany and Russia. There can be no war between her two great neighbors without Poland's being in some way involved, as the ally of one belligerent and the enemy of the other. With the mutual aversion of Germany and Russia now surpassing their dislike of Poland, each power has become eager to safeguard itself against future contingencies by having Poland as its ally. Secondly, Germany lies between France and Poland—which is another way of saying that Poland forms the eastern section of the iron ring that France forged around Germany at the end of the War and is still anxious to maintain.

Poland is now the recipient of tempting offers from all three powers, and, in accordance with the classical tradition of diplomacy that is still honored more in the observance than in the breach, is in the enviable position of being able to auction off her support to the highest bidder. The Poles relish their new situation. They like being made a fuss of and being free to pick and choose at their leisure among the three suitors, instead of being confined to playing the rôle of a pawn to France's queen. It makes them feel that they are indeed one of the great powers—that select group of nations who decide when and where the next war is going to begin, and, if they have been wise enough to pick the winning side, have the fun of playing at that most fascinating of all jig-saw puzzles, the apportionment of slices of territory among the victors. This job of picking the winning side in advance is a ticklish business, and Poland, who has not had much experience in this field, is applying herself to the task with furrowed brows and all the industriousness of a young co-ed who is cramming for a stiff examination.

Aside from the consolidation of Poland's internal unity, the one factor that has contributed more than anything else to Poland's new importance is the National Socialist revolution in Germany. The emergence of Hitler inspired profound anxiety in both France and Russia. To France, it signified that the hour was drawing rapidly nearer when Germany would seek revenge for her defeat and try to recover Alsace-Lorraine. France had signed a military alliance with Poland in 1921; the rise of Hitler made her feel the necessity of the Polish alliance more than ever before in order that the iron ring might be kept firmly clamped around Germany's neck.

To Russia, the change in the German situation brought a sense of acute alarm, for Hitler had long pointed to Russia as a country in which Germany could find all the land she needs for colonization by her surplus population. The profitable commercial relations which had for many years subsisted between the two countries were disrupted. The Russians, already upset by the imminent prospect of war in the Far East, decided to insure themselves against trouble in the West by effecting a *rapprochement* with Poland, with whom their relations had not been of the best since the Russo-Polish War of 1920.

When the Nazi tide engulfed Germany in the early part of 1933, it was widely felt that there would develop a dangerous tension with Poland. So indeed for a time there did. The ex-

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istence of the so-called Polish Corridor, severing East Prussia from the rest of the Reich, had long been the sorest of all German grievances against the territorial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. It was a grievance felt by Germans of all parties, and the Nazis had been the most strident of all in their denunciation of the treaty. It was believed that Germany would strike the first blow for territorial revision by an attempt to annex Danzig and abolish the Corridor. The Poles were extremely nervous. Their utterances expressed the fear of imminent attack. M. Miedzinski, intimate friend and spokesman of Marshal Pilsudski and editor of the official newspaper *Gazeta Polska*, voiced their determination to resist German aggression in these words: "Our reply to all German claims is our guns!"

During this period of German-Polish antagonism, Russia and Poland drew rapidly together. The three-year non-aggression pact which had been signed by the two countries on July 25, 1932, was strengthened on July 3, 1933, by a supplementary convention defining the concept of aggression in elaborate detail. Most of the other border states also subscribed to this treaty, but Lithuania made herself a conspicuous exception for reasons that will be explained later.

III

Since Poland was also an ally of France, her *rapprochement* with Russia was a source of no little anxiety in Berlin. Fears were wide-spread in the Nazi high command that these hostile countries, all of which labored under the dread of a revivified Germany, might unite to crush her before she could rearm. To avert such a disaster, the edict went forth among the Nazis to put the soft pedal on all references to annexing Danzig or taking the Corridor away from Poland. Had any of the previous German régimes adopted such a course, they would have been flayed alive by the fanatical Hitlerite agitators; but they were now in office, and there were none more extreme than themselves to denounce them for betraying Germany's claims.

Indeed, it may be said that the Nazi dreams of conquest are conceived on so vast a scale that their ambitions in the Corridor seem by comparison a mere bagatelle. Up to the present, the Nazis have been absorbed in the task of extending their influence into Austria. If they should eventually prove successful—and they have recently had to disavow their designs in that direction in order to conciliate Mussolini—they would be able to use Austria as a propaganda base for penetrating into Switzerland and Czechoslovakia. But the rounding out of Germany's southern frontier by absorbing Austria and the lion's share of Switzerland and Czechoslovakia would be a mere appetizer for the cherished project of founding a titanic German Empire in eastern Europe. Russia, whose area in Europe alone, to say nothing of Siberia, is ten times that of Germany, is the only country in Europe that can furnish the land necessary for colonization on the grand scale visioned by Nazi prophets. In embarking upon a crusade against Russia, it would make all the difference in the world if Poland were Germany's ally instead of her foe. If, by foregoing the Polish Corridor, it should be possible to obtain Polish help in conquering vast territories in Russia —as extensive perhaps as the entire present area of Germany—it were

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short-sighted to let any petty quarrel over Danzig and the Corridor block the consummation of such an alliance.

Besides, after a war of conquest, it might be possible to offer Poland compensation elsewhere that would make her willing to surrender the Corridor. Such a war would in all likelihood, as one of its incidental features, involve the mopping-up of the Baltic states. One of these states, Lithuania, might furnish Poland with an attractive alternative to the Corridor. Neither Poland nor Germany is on good terms with Lithuania. Poland seized Vilna, the historic capital of Lithuania, in 1920. Lithuania has consistently refused to recognize the validity of this act or to resume normal diplomatic relations with Poland. It was for this reason that Lithuania's signature was conspicuously absent from the Russo-Polish non-aggression pact of July 3, 1933. She preferred to negotiate a separate pact with Russia to which Poland was not a party. Germany bears a grudge against Lithuania because the city of Memel was taken from Prussia and given to Lithuania by the peace settlement. It can therefore readily be seen that neither Germany nor Poland would be stricken with grief at seeing Lithuania wiped off the map. A plan for the partition of Lithuania has been accordingly advanced unofficially in certain German circles under the inspiration, it is believed, of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, head of the foreign affairs department of the National Socialist Party, who was himself born in the former Baltic Provinces of the Russian Empire. Under this proposal, Germany would take Memel and offer the rest of Lithuania to Poland in exchange for the Corridor. Poland would in this manner gain her access to the sea and be relieved of the menace of German resentment. Such a plan, probably with some additional compensation at Russia's expense, ought to satisfy the Poles, so some Germans feel. The Poles have so far given no public indication that such a plan would be acceptable to them; even if it sounded tempting, they are unlikely to embrace it until they are sure that Germany is strong enough to carry out her part of the bargain by defeating Russia.

There is, however, another contingency that must not be lost sight of. There has recently been public though unofficial discussion in both Poland and Lithuania on the possibility of effecting a political union between the two countries. Now that they are faced by the prospect of a partition between Poland and Germany and by the withdrawal of Russian diplomatic support for Lithuania's claims to Vilna (due to the Soviet *rapprochement* with Poland), it is believed that the idea of a voluntary union with Poland, accompanied by a guarantee of the maintenance of Lithuania's territorial integrity, is beginning to appeal to her political leaders as the lesser of two evils. If such a Polish-Lithuanian union—which would, after all, merely restore a relationship that obtained prior to the partition of Poland—should be consummated, Germany would be deprived of one of the choicest morsels of bait she is now dangling before Poland's eyes—in fact, Poland's possession of Memel would then become a source of discord between them.

In the meantime, however, there have been very distinct signs of a *rapprochement* between Germany and Poland. The fruits of the shrewd Nazi

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stratagem in disavowing any intention of attacking Poland were soon made evident. The German-Polish tension suddenly subsided and to the surprise of the world, and the uneasiness of France and Russia, was replaced by a joint declaration of mutual non-aggression on November 15, 1933. Of course, the Poles did not involve themselves in a military alliance. They were already committed to France, and they wanted to see what she and Russia had to offer first.

The anxiety of France and Russia was deepened when the joint declaration was supplemented by a formal treaty, signed at Berlin on January 26, 1934, whereby Germany and Poland definitely engaged themselves not to resort to war to settle any disputes that might arise between them for a period of ten years. "The attempt to settle the differences between our two countries by war," asserted Hitler, commenting on this pact in his speech to the Reichstag on January 30, "would in its calamitous consequences be out of all proportion to any possible gain." The Poles feel that for ten years at least they are relieved from the danger of any German attack—always assuming that Chancellor Hitler does not emulate the example set by Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg in 1914 of regarding a treaty as a scrap of paper. The Poles are therefore resolved to take full advantage of this period of anticipated security by freeing themselves from French tutelage and seeing what they can get while paddling their own canoe. Their policy is to maintain friendly relations with all until they have definitely decided which of the three suitors makes the best offer with a reasonable certainty of being able to deliver the goods.

IV

The German-Polish *rapprochement* was regarded with deep suspicion in Moscow. In his speech to the Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party, delivered on the very day the German-Polish treaty was signed, Stalin gave evidence of his uneasiness by the nature of his remarks on Poland. "Our relations with Poland in the past were not very good," said Stalin. "And now these undesirable relations are gradually beginning to disappear. They are being replaced by other relations which can not be described as other than relations of *rapprochement*. . . . This does not mean, of course, that the incipient process of *rapprochement* may be considered as sufficiently durable to guarantee the final success of the matter. Surprises and zigzags in policy can not by any means be considered as out of the question in Poland, where anti-Soviet moods are still strong." The suspicion soon became wide-spread in Russia that the German-Polish treaty contained some kind of a secret clause aimed at Russia. To allay the Soviet Government's anxiety—as well as that of France—on this score, Colonel Beck in his review of Polish foreign policy on February 5 assured the world that "Poland's action is not directed against any power." Further to mollify the Kremlin's pique, Colonel Beck betook himself in the middle of February to Moscow in an effort to set Foreign Commissar Litvinov's mind at rest. It was the first occasion on which a European foreign minister had visited the Russian capital since the Bolshevik revolution, and the Soviet Government dined and wined Colonel Beck on a sumptuous scale. As a mark of their mutual esteem,

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the two Governments agreed that their respective ministers to Moscow and Warsaw would be raised to the rank of ambassadors—a gesture by Russia toward gratifying the Polish yearning to be regarded as a great power. The official *communiqué* announced that "the exchange of opinion between MM. Litvinov and Beck has revealed . . . the firm resolve of the governments they represent to continue their efforts in the direction of . . . a *rapprochement* of the peoples of these countries in all fields on the basis of the non-aggression pact and the convention defining aggression."

Having tantalized the Germans by his visit to Moscow, Colonel Beck now made another gesture in their direction. The heads of the Foreign Office press bureaus of both countries met at Berlin and entered into an agreement of a sort that would only be possible between governments that exercised the most sweeping powers of censorship over all means of influencing public opinion. A *communiqué* issued on February 27 summarized the agreement in these terms: "In order to develop the consequences of the German-Polish accord, the representatives of the two parties have decided to collaborate constantly in all questions relating to the formation of public opinion in the two countries, with a view to awakening a mutual understanding and to creating a friendly atmosphere. A complete agreement has been reached on the subject of the measures to be taken in the different fields: press, literature, stage, cinema, radio." This accord, which of course means that any criticism or ridicule of either country by the citizens of the other is to be discouraged, betokened a determined effort to allay the ill-feeling that had long existed between the peoples of the two countries. To give practical application to the new spirit animating their relations, the two Governments signed a protocol at Warsaw on March 7 terminating the tariff war that had raged between them since 1925.

V

All these maneuverings on the Eastern Front, and in particular Poland's *rapprochement* with Germany, caused many sleepless nights in French governmental circles. France at last began to realize that the Poles were chafing at their humiliating subordination to their ally. Beneath all the flowery talk of a sacred bond between the two sister republics, the Poles were convinced that France was prepared to maintain the alliance guaranteeing Poland's integrity only so long as she considered Poland's existence necessary to her own safety. If there were any other less entangling way of obtaining a guarantee of French security, the French statesmen would drop Poland like a hot potato. Every agreement with Germany into which France had entered whose provisions did not extend to Poland was regarded with suspicion. Such fears were first aroused by the Locarno Pact of 1925, whereby Great Britain and Italy bound themselves to come to the assistance of France or Germany if either power should be attacked by the other. This pact afforded no protection to Poland; she seemed to be left out in the cold. Again in 1933, when France subscribed to Mussolini's Four-Power Pact, the Poles took it in ill humor, and it was one of the factors that influenced them to begin their *rapprochement* with Germany.

The announcement of the signing of the German-Polish pact convinced the

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French that they could no longer afford to treat Poland cavalierly, as if she were still a minor power. M. Paul-Boncour, the French Foreign Minister, made the best of a bad situation by telling the press that he "rejoiced" to hear of Poland's friendly relations with Germany, but the French were not slow in resolving upon diplomatic counter-measures. Unfortunately, however, the political crisis that afflicted France in February prevented her from taking any immediate action.

In the meantime, another complication arose that added to France's troubles. This was a recrudescence of ill-feeling between Poland and Czechoslovakia. As Czechoslovakia is one of France's allies and forms a vital section of the iron ring around Germany, the dissension between the two countries could not but cause France concern. Like so many other tensions in Europe, this dispute is a heritage of the peace settlement. When the former Austrian dominions were being apportioned between Poland and Czechoslovakia, there was some difference of opinion as to where the dividing line should be drawn. The Poles were deeply aggrieved when the Teschen district was assigned to Czechoslovakia. However, their war with Russia and their fear of Germany made the Poles swallow their ire, and for many years nothing was heard of their dissatisfaction. But in March and April, 1934, there was a marked worsening of Polish-Czech relations. The Czechoslovak Government arrested three Polish citizens traveling through Teschen on a charge of engaging in subversive agitation. The Polish Government in reprisal expelled twenty-one Czech business men from Poland. The Polish press hurled charges that the Czechs were adopting a "monstrous" attitude in their efforts to "Czechize" the Polish minority of 30,000 in Teschen. The Czech press accused Poland of entering into a secret agreement with Germany for the partition of Czechoslovakia. The Polish press retaliated that the Czechs were jealous of Poland's good relations with Russia and Germany and feared a loss of trade thereby. The Czechs, they loftily intimated, apparently could not reconcile themselves to the fact that Poland had become a great power and was no longer in their class. "The legend of a weak Poland," asserted the official *Gazeta Polska*, "was comforting and calculated to flatter certain Czechoslovak circles. They founded thereon great hopes, so tempting that today, when the situation has radically changed to our advantage, they do not have enough plain courage to face the truth and disclose it to their citizens."

It was because of Poland's apparent drift away from France and her tart attitude toward Czechoslovakia that the French Foreign Office went into action. It resolved to make an unusual gesture to Poland. Never before had the Polish Republic been considered of sufficient importance to warrant a personal visit from the French Foreign Minister; but now it was announced that M. Louis Barthou, who had succeeded M. Paul-Boncour in that position, would visit Warsaw. The decision to have M. Barthou undertake this journey was also governed by certain sentimental considerations, for it had been he who, as Minister of War, had been instrumental in negotiating the Franco-Polish military pact of 1921.

Naturally, when the French were paying Poland so marked a compliment, they expected the Poles to evince deep gratitude; and they were there-

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fore somewhat cast down when Colonel Beck failed to meet M. Barthou at the station upon his arrival in Warsaw on April 22. It is true, of course, that M. Beck had not been met at the station by the French Foreign Minister when he visited Paris in September, 1933, and he was simply adopting a polite though pointed way of intimating that he thought he was just as good as his French colleague. Poland was now one of the great powers; she had arrived.

However, having thereby given notice that Poland must be treated as an equal, M. Beck, in accordance with his policy of burning no bridges behind him, assured M. Barthou of Poland's friendship. "I am profoundly convinced of the unbreakable solidity of our alliance, of its value and of its favorable effects not only for our two countries but for international relations as a whole." The French Foreign Minister replied in one of those flowery orations that so well accord with the genius of the French language, but that often seem to smack of an operatic libretto when translated into English. "Those who judge from superficial appearances," said M. Barthou, "and those especially who are trying to exploit inevitable difficulties in the life of nations do not know what is possible to two wills born of the same ideal and firmly dedicated to the same end. . . . Between France and Poland, this friendship has become an alliance. . . . I come today to affirm the necessity and the perpetuation of the treaty that links us. Your national resurrection, to which your illustrious Marshal, whose name is already a legend, has given a watchword and an example, has made of Poland a great country, heard and respected. France rejoices to see it."

The Poles, it is understood, assured M. Barthou that they would not enter into any new engagements with other countries without first consulting France, and he made a reciprocal pledge to Poland in recognition of Poland's equality. M. Barthou also did his best to patch up the Polish-Czechoslovak quarrel, and seemed to have succeeded in allaying the tension. On the whole, however, the French were not overjoyed by the results of M. Barthou's visit. One French correspondent summed up his impressions by telling his newspaper that "Poland's policy will yet cause us to experience not a few deceits and a great many vexations."

VI

It was now Russia's turn to receive a gesture. On May 5 Poland and Russia signed a protocol extending the Russo-Polish non-aggression pact, which was due to expire in 1935, for another ten years. The protocol contained a significant clause affirming that neither party was under any obligations that would lead to a violation of the Treaty of Riga. In that treaty, which had been signed in 1921 and provided for the delimitation of the frontier between Poland and Russia, both nations had renounced further territorial claims against each other. The reaffirmation of the Treaty of Riga was intended to be a solemn assurance by Poland that her relations with Germany had not led her into any secret agreement contemplating war with Russia.

Meanwhile, the wooing of Poland by her suitors goes on. On June 2 a conducted party of 800 Polish tourists arrived in Berlin under the leadership of General Augustin, head of the Polish Legion, and they were subjected to suitable attentions from the German Ministry of Propaganda. On June 13, Dr.

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Paul Joseph Göbbels, Reich Minister of Propaganda, arrived in Warsaw in response to an invitation from the Polish Union of Intellectuals and delivered a lecture on "National Socialist Germany as a Factor of European Peace." The audience included Leon Koslowski, the Prime Minister, Colonel Beck, the Foreign Minister, and other high Polish officials. It was the first occasion that Dr. Göbbels had had an opportunity to try out his propaganda before a foreign audience. He completed the retreat from the extremist position once so dear to the Nazi heart by assuring his listeners that German National Socialism was guided by the same principle Mussolini had once laid down for fascism: it was not an article of export. It had "no international mission in the aggressive sense to fulfil." Dr. Göbbels had a conversation with Marshal Pilsudski and returned home. Rumor had it that he was paving the way for a personal interview between Hitler and Pilsudski on the lines of the Hitler-Mussolini meeting which was taking place at about the same time.

Upon Dr. Göbbels's departure from Poland, the official *Iskra* news agency published an inspired article which is the nearest thing to an authoritative interpretation of Polish foreign policy that the Government has seen fit to make public. "A sincere and profound friendship links us to democratic France," said the article; "likewise the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' has not prevented us from arriving at an accord with the Soviets. If the German Government wishes to maintain good and correct relations with Poland, we are glad to accept her advances and we shall allow ourselves to be deflected by the discontent neither of political parties nor of those who are irritated because Poland is conducting a Polish policy and does not wish to pull chestnuts out of the fire for anybody. Nevertheless, this does not mean that, in pursuing the path of good understanding with her German neighbor, Poland is . . . abandoning for a single instant her duty of maintaining the utmost vigilance."

Dr. Göbbels's visit was followed at the end of June by the arrival of General Debeney, former Chief of Staff of the French Army, who came to Warsaw to discuss certain provisions of the military alliance of 1921. It is very likely that journeyings to and fro between Warsaw and Paris, Berlin and Moscow will be the order of the day for some time to come.

VII

There is reason to believe that the next important move by Poland will be made at the September session of the League of Nations. France is anxious to have Russia invited to join the League with a befitting display of unanimity on the part of the existing members. Poland knows this, and as the price of her acquiescence it is fairly certain that she will demand, in recognition of her attaining the status of a great power, two concessions: first, a permanent seat on the Council of the League; and secondly, release from those clauses of the Peace Treaty which give the League the right to supervise Poland's treatment of the minority groups in her population. This will be the fourth occasion on which an important power has sought to tamper with the machinery of the League for its own ends—the three previous occasions having been those on which Japan, Germany and Italy played the stellar rôles. Japan and Germany resigned when their policies were thwarted; Italy remained a mem-

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ber but has been noticeably cool. In the present instance it seems likely that a surrender to Poland's demands will be regarded as a lesser evil than her withdrawal from the League.

It will not have escaped remark that Poland and Italy are the only European powers that have shown any tendency toward intimate relations with Nazi Germany. To encourage this tendency, the Nazi tiger which once roared its ravenous hunger to the heavens has begun to purr softly. To conciliate Mussolini, Hitler has disavowed his ambitions in Austria; to conciliate Pilsudski, he has renounced his designs upon the Polish Corridor. Both Mussolini and Pilsudski have been rather wary in their approaches to the apparently tame tiger, for such beasts have been known to resort to their claws rather unexpectedly; none the less, the approaches have been made. What Hitler's ultimate ambition is, he has made quite clear: he wants to expand German territory at Russia's expense. In deferring this hope, he has bowed to the exigencies of the moment; but if he could succeed in building up a Central European bloc consisting of Germany, Poland and Italy—and including Italy's two satellites, Austria and Hungary—he would have gone a long way toward the attainment of his objective. It is far too early to say that such a bloc has been formed, or even that it is in process of formation; but it is foreshadowed as a distinct possibility that can not be omitted from any appraisal of the existing international situation. The events of the next few years —even of the next few months—may be decisive in clarifying what is still uncertain in the present diplomatic alignment. It can not be overemphasized that Poland's decision will have the most far-reaching consequences. Without Poland, such a bloc would be ineffective; with Poland, it would represent a solid agglomeration of five states with a total population of over 150,000,000. It would be a much stronger grouping than was formed by Germany and Austria-Hungary during the last War—and everybody knows that it took the whole world four years of bloody struggle to beat that combination to its knees. Like the Central Powers in the War, it would enjoy the advantage of interior lines of communication, blanketing Central Europe from the Baltic and the North Sea to the Mediterranean and cutting off France in the west from Russia and the Little Entente in the east. The Little Entente itself would be disrupted. Czechoslovakia would be completely surrounded, save for the narrow corridor, running between Poland and Hungary, that connects her with Rumania—a passage that could be easily closed. It is not inconceivable that Rumania, which has a strong "Iron Guard" movement sympathetic with the Nazis and a long-standing fear that Russia may some day seek to get back Bessarabia, might decide to throw in her lot with such a bloc. The whole European Continent would once more go into the melting pot, and no one can tell what it would look like when it came out again.

If Poland chooses to align herself with France and Russia, she has a reasonable assurance of security and maintenance of the *status quo*. If she throws in her lot with Hitler, she will be embarking upon an adventure whose results can not be predicted, save that it means war: an adventure that holds forth a prospect of vast conquests in the event of victory, of calamitous consequences in the event of defeat.

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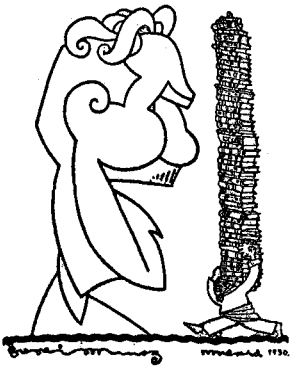
The Literary Landscape

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



What the situation will be in a Germany gone mad, with her destinies in the hands of three imitation Napoleons, every one of whom is unquestionably psychopathic—one of them, Göring, has spent months in hospitals for the insane and symptoms of paranoia in Hitler's actions are undeniable, just as it is obvious that while Thyssen may be less insane than his two partners, he is a long way from being a balanced human being—by the time this Landscape appears, is far too much a matter of speculation for a cautious Landscaper to venture upon.

But several books have been published recently that will still be worth reading no matter what the turn of events, because they give the necessary background for the understanding of the strange course taken by the Teutonic people since the rise of Hitler, a course that has brought them into another encirclement which promises in time to rival, if not to exceed, that of the years preceding the outbreak of the World War.

In other words, Hitler has helped the German nation out of a tight fix into a tighter one, and the only path of escape at this moment seems to be another war.

The New German Emperor

One of the best of the books referred to is Ernst Henri's *Hitler Over Europe* (Simon and Schuster, $1.90), which is a Belgian journalist's version of the situation. It has one fundamental defect, or so it appears to the non-Marxist Landscaper, which is that the author has followed too closely the Marxian theory of history. One striking example of the apparent errors into which this riding of a thesis leads him is his suggestion of the possibility of a Fascist empire, led by Germany, and consisting of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Esthonia and Latvia, the Ukraine, and Holland and Belgium.

It is his belief that fascism will have to come in all these countries because Marx said it was the phase of capitalism immediately preceding dissolution and the dawn of the Communist Utopia. Then, if a Germany under three Napoleons, and cordially detested by civilized peoples the world over, can hold itself together, there will be nothing much to it except a debacle for the rest of Europe and perhaps the rest of the world. This is indeed a hazardous bit of prophecy, as may readily be discerned.

But when M. Henri turns his attention to a study of the forces behind

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Hitler, and to the struggle between these forces and the hopeful, but misguided and betrayed Brown Shirts, the leaders of whom were executed recently, he has something to say that is worth listening to. His book will help to illuminate, for example, such matters of public interest as the recent revelations that the German dye industry has been paying the world's most expensive and successful press agent, Ivy Lee, $25,000 a year to run its propaganda service in this country.

Hitler's real power, however, derives, says M. Henri, from Thyssen, the German steel baron, who is today the real emperor of the nation, and whose nefarious plans include reducing the German working man to a state of serfdom.

In fact, the whole industrial and economic background of the German situation is better explained in M. Henri's book than anywhere else, and it should be read for an intelligent, clear-headed analysis of events that are almost certain to have an important bearing upon the future course of European civilization.

Göring and the War

M. Henri is of the opinion that Thyssen and Hitler will finally be forced to fight for the sake of their feudalistic empire, and his opinion of the chances of victory rests upon the possibility that Göring, who is, of course, an ex-aviator, and who therefore pins his faith upon this arm of warfare, if permitted to go ahead with his plans for an air fleet of something like 20,000 planes, in a surprise attack including the use of gas and bacteria, might give the Germans a victory. At this point, his book takes on the aspect of a dreadful nightmare. But it must be remembered that the German plans for the conquest of Europe were as carefully laid in the World War, and eventually came to nothing. Also that if such an attack as seems to be in the mind of Göring were ever launched, Germany would have to conquer or die, as she would, in the event of defeat, be forever an outcast among the nations.

There is also interesting material in the volume on the possibility of an alliance between Japan and Germany, with its bearing upon the fate of Soviet Russia, both in the East and in Europe.

M. Henri's suggested remedy is that the rest of the world lend its support to the working classes within Germany against Hitler. This is in line with his general admiration of Marx, however, and since such support would lead to communism, it is obvious that bourgeois republics like France—and England, too, since England is essentially a bourgeois republic in spite of the monarchical form of government—are but little likely to respond to the appeal.

Hindenburg's Shame

Another recent book that is worth reading for the sake of the light it throws upon the situation is called *The Berlin Diaries* (Morrow, $2.50), which is a purported record of recent events coming mainly from the pen of a German General, called here "General X." There is much to be learned from this sensational volume about the personalities of such men as Von Papen, and a great deal in it about Von Schleicher, now dead. Also there is a complete revelation of how Hindenburg was bribed to back Hitler by the gift of an estate in East Prussia. Those who have hitherto considered the old Field Marshal as the hope of Germany will, if they accept the statements of "General X," suffer a great disillusionment. It is very hard to

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know whether everything set down in this book is the exact truth or not, but reading it with open eyes is bound to result in considerable enlightenment. The parts dealing with Germany's preparations for the coming war are of great interest, and as shocking as M. Henri's prophecies.

Also there is Hamilton Fish Armstrong's excellent small book, *Europe Between Wars* (Macmillan), which is a consideration of the entire continental situation, based upon the prophetic words of General Bliss, who said early in the World War that the struggle would continue in one form or another for thirty or forty years, or until there was a decisive victory for one side or the other. In other words, Mr. Armstrong believes that Versailles did not end the conflict that began in the summer of 1914, and that warfare is merely one of its many phases. His book is one of first-hand observation and solid thought, and contains in its relatively few pages what thoughtful men ought to know about world affairs at the moment.

Art and Dictatorship

There is some interesting comment, too, upon the state of art under dictatorships of whatever kind. Mr. Armstrong, being a liberal, does not believe that first-rate art can flourish under rigid state control, a point of view that seems to the Landscaper to have everything to be said for it.

A statement of this kind published elsewhere drew the immediate fire of an ardent Communist, who said that fascism might interfere with art, but that the U.S.S.R. had proved that artists could live and work under its dictatorship, which is very difficult of proof. Communist propaganda in this direction has been copious and extravagant, but hardly convincing to any one willing to try to make up his own mind. It is a simple fact that the artist can work only in a reasonably free atmosphere; Mussolini's plea in 1926 for a great Fascist literature, for example, has been totally without results, and the "rotten corpse of liberty" has continued to produce far finer flowers than any totalitarian state.

In Richard Rowan's *Spies and the Next War* (McBride, $2.50), there is abundant evidence to sustain Mr. Armstrong's well reasoned belief that peace treaties may bring conflicts into different phases, but that they do not actually end hostilities. Mr. Rowan, who is a civilian student of the work of secret service agents, maintains that there are more spies at work today than there were at the height of the World War, and that the most avowedly pacific nations employ just as many of these daring workers as such openly militaristic countries as Japan. In addition to these revelations, there are some good chapters on the work of spies in the last war, including tales of people by the side of whom Mata Hari fades into complete insignificance—she was never very much, anyway. There are also some exciting drawings of forts, and so on, and a number of codes. The next war has already begun, says Mr. Rowan, who also maintains that when actual fighting begins the saboteur will play a larger part than ever before, a statement he backs with an abundance of reasons.

Novels of the Nazis

There have been a number of novels published this year dealing with Nazi Germany, including such distinguished works as Lion Feuchtwanger's *The Oppermanns* (Viking, $2.50), but none

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more poignant nor more comprehensive than I. A. R. Wylie's *To the Vanquished* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), which is a fair book in that it tries to give the reasons for the almost incredible conditions that exist today. The plot of the book is a love affair between a pathetic young tramp who becomes a Storm Troop leader, and the daughter of a liberal physician. There are the usual pages about the brutality of the Brown Shirts, with no apparent exaggerations, and the best the two young people can work out is an escape from the country, with the hope that they may make new lives somewhere else in the world. Some of the scenes are tremendously dramatic, especially the one in which the doctor, already cruelly used, tries to save one of his tormentors stricken with typhus. The book is written with economy and sincerity; it is definitely a work of art, and at the same time an illuminating document.

Balder Olden's *Blood and Tears* (Appleton-Century, $2) is another novel on the same subject, and very well done indeed, one of the best books in its category. There are similarities of detail in all these novels, inevitably, and it is anything else but pleasant to read them, but they contain a great deal of the truth which people ought to know. How much good it will do anybody to know this truth, the Landscaper hesitates to say, unless, perhaps, George Bernard Shaw's most recent remarks are taken seriously, and sanctuaries for human beings established along the line of the great work the world is doing in preserving its wild life. This is, however, a bit too reasonable a plan to give one any hope that it will be followed.

Also to be read in connection with the German situation is Cardinal Faulhaber's *Judaism, Christianity and Germany* (Macmillan, $1.50), a series of lectures on the religious situation by the Archbishop of Munich, which explains what has been done to the churches by the evil forces of the Hitler-Thyssen combination.

Good for Hot Weather

If some antidote is needed for this largish dose of horror the Landscaper has prescribed, there are, as usual, many books that are doors to distant worlds wherein it is possible to forget the fevers and the frets of this one. Fevers, certainly, may be cured by a reading of Sven Hedin's *The Conquest of Tibet* (Dutton, $5), which has more than two hundred drawings by the author, and which recounts his amazing adventures in the Hidden Land of Asia during the early years of the present century. Most of the time he was up somewhere around eighteen thousand feet above sea-level, and it was so cold that sitting here under a pear-tree in Connecticut on a hot afternoon, almost a nudist, the Landscaper can not imagine the degrees of frigidity endured by Dr. Hedin and his faithful natives.

The result of his many journeyings was the exploration of vast stretches of *terra incognita*, the discovery of a great mountain range, the visiting of the sources of several rivers, such as the Indus, and the collection of a large amount of most entertaining material about people and animals. Dr. Hedin did not see the wonders that the mystics always associate with Tibet, for he is a scientist, but it is not necessary to be a mystic to appreciate the nerve and courage of the man, and his superhuman endurance of all kinds of hardships and perils. A grand adventure story, which is of high value, also, in its additions to the sum total of human knowledge.

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Another good book about the East is Walter B. Harris's *East Again: A Narrative of a Journey in the Near, Middle and Far East* (Dutton, $4), which is done with a great deal of charm, and which contains also its full share of useful information about a number of countries destined to play a large part once more in the history of the world.

Books About China

And specifically about China, there is Sergei Tretiakov's *The Autobiography of Tuan-shi* (Simon and Schuster, $3.50), an extraordinary story of a young Chinese lad who told his Russian teacher the whole story of his life, who turned Communist and visited Moscow, and who then disappeared. Where he is now nobody knows, but he left behind him a tale of great interest and charm, which the Russian has made into something unusually fine.

André Malraux's *Man's Fate* (Smith and Haas, $2.50), winner of the last Prix Goncourt, also deals with China, and has for its background the Shanghai of the first revolution, in which the Communists played so large a part. It centres about the life of a Chinese terrorist, who is about to kill a man as the book opens. It is a vivid, bloody picture of a town in torment; whether one chooses to regard it as Communist propaganda or not, it is an excellent novel, the result of both open-eyed observation and careful workmanship. As in the case of the German novels mentioned, fiction of this kind has its very definite value in its ability to make history human and personal; often it is nearer the truth than the so-called facts in the case.

Alice Tisdale Hobart's *River Supreme* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), a novel that was issued sometime last year under the title of "*Pidgin Cargo*," meaning opium, is another good novel of China, and is, as a matter of fact, the first volume of a tetralogy of which Mrs. Hobart's very popular *Oil for the Lamps of China* is the second. Hers is a simplified China that anybody can understand, and perhaps oversimplified, although the general public certainly has approved of her method in the book just mentioned.

River Supreme deals with an American descendant of hardy sea-faring stock who settled in China and determined to conquer the Yangtse for commerce. He did, and left behind him a son who after one unfortunate marriage with an American girl who would not, or could not, adjust herself to the life of the country, found happiness with a youthful playmate who was also born in the country and had enough of its blood to understand it and to feel at home in it.

The background is sketched in, but attractively done; the principal defect of the book is in its characterization, which is weak. Also Mrs. Hobart does not write with any distinction. But her ABC pictures of the awakening China and of Americans in the country have their value, and it will be highly interesting to see what she will do with her ambitious project. *Oil for the Lamps of China* was, it should be said, considerably better than *River Supreme*.

For a World Cruise

One may, with the fiction that remains to be considered, range the wide world over, from the plains of the river Don to villages in the heart of Andalusia, and from American suburbs to Fifteenth Century London.

Four of the best of recent novels are summarized as to background in the foregoing paragraph. They are Mikhail Sholokhov's *And Quiet Flows the Don*

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(Knopf, $3), a long novel—238,000 words—dealing with the life of the Cossacks from a short time before the World War down through the earlier phases of the Russian Revolution, a gigantic panorama in which this noted young Soviet writer proves himself a master of a certain kind of pictorial fiction, although there is little belief to be placed in Maxim Gorky's statement that the book may be compared with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, nor is Sholokhov another Gogol as has been said. He lacks Tolstoy's great humanism and Gogol's delicious sense of humor, as well as his ability to create unforgettable characters. Sholokhov's people are static, and are types rather than strongly marked individuals. But the book reads well, and gives a fine, clear impression of the wild and patriarchal life of the Cossacks before they fell under the rule of the Soviets. One may suppose that they are a different people now under the blessings of communism, and probably a good deal less colorful and interesting. The translation of *And Quiet Flows the Don* is not a very good one, as there are mistakes in English in plenty, and also the literal rendering of many of the Cossack idioms is confusing.

Spain to the Life

Marguerite Steen's *Matador* (Little, Brown, $2.50) is a remarkable novel of Spain, centring about a retired *torero* and his family. The Landscaper can testify that it shows great insight into the customs of the country and the peculiar character of its people, and in addition, it is a real novel, with a good story and fully realized individuals. The writing is not of the highest quality; otherwise here is a novel in the old sense, long and rich, with plenty of both humor and tragedy. How Miss Steen learned as much about Spain and the Spaniards as she did in her relatively short stay there can only be explained by her very genuine talent for fiction. She is, praise be, no mere painter of surfaces, but something much more important.

This is one of the best novels of the present year, and the feeling the Landscaper has about it does not arise from his own great affection for the country about which Miss Steen writes. She is, as it happens, a good novelist, one of the most expert writing today, as she has proved more than once.

The excursion to medieval England is conducted by Philip Lindsay, son of Norman Lindsay, the Australian novelist, and his book is called *London Bridge Is Falling* (Little, Brown, $2.50). It is a story of the bridge just before and during the time of Jack Cade's Rebellion, and the climax is the battle on the bridge between Cade's followers and the Loyalist troops, ending in the destruction of the picturesque shops and houses that lined the famous structure at this period. There is a love story, too, or several, and a hero whose fortunes may be keenly followed, but the chief interest of the book is in the infinite detail of the every-day life of the times. Mr. Lindsay, who is still a young man, has made himself an authority on Tudor and Elizabethan England; his research is careful and thorough, and his books are emotional enough, too. His *Richard III*, one of the best of this year's biographies, was commented upon here recently, and he has done other successful books, but none that the Landscaper has read with keener interest than this new novel, hereby recommended as a choice offering, which will bear frequent rereadings by those with a taste for the historical.

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Our Own Times

One skips back from this far journey to our own times in Josephine Lawrence's *Years Are So Long* (Stokes, $2.50), an American novel which deals with the problem of the dependent old, and does it poignantly. It is the story of an elderly couple with several children who have failed to save anything for their declining years and who therefore find themselves at the mercy of young people struggling to meet the demands of modern society. There is no place for them either physically or mentally; they have to be separated and to live apart, seeing each other but seldom. They have no luck fitting into the lives of their children, and everybody is made unhappy by their plight, which ends in the death of the man and the removal of the woman to a Home, a fate she has dreaded more almost than death.

Miss Lawrence has taken an extreme case, and in some other respects her novel does not meet the highest standards of either social propaganda or fiction, but it is a very human book, and fair to both sides, dealing with a problem that is the direct outgrowth of present-day conditions. It has a powerful lesson for those who wish to heed it, although there is no mention of the fact that this old couple might have saved every penny after their children left home, and then lost it all through the crookedness or stupidity of some banker, or perhaps merely through the ups-and-downs of our less than charming economic system.

Other Recent Novels

Other recent novels include a reissue of Phyllis Bentley's *The Spinner of the Years* (Macmillan, $2.50), another story of Miss Bentley's industrial Yorkshire, which she knows so thoroughly; Ronald Fangen's *Duel* (Viking, $2.50), a Norwegian psychological novel of the lives of two men, one of whom is ruined by the success of the other, the author being a distinguished critic and quite well known in his native land; Elizabeth Eastman's *Sun on Their Shoulders* (Morrow, $2.50), a novel of the Finns around Cape Cod, and interesting as an excellent picture of another small section of America; Henrietta Buckmaster's *Tomorrow Is Another Day* (Henkle), a first novel about a group of decent and ambitious young people, mostly writers, and how they work out their problems, a good first novel with distinct promise for the future; and Lady Mary Cameron's *Duchess by Appointment* (King, $2.50), an amusing bit of social satire by the author of *Merrily We Go to Hell*. For entertainment, too, there is Virginia Faulkner's exceedingly clever story, *Romans and Countrymen* (Simon and Schuster, $2.50), which is only for the sophisticated, but which is brilliant and filled with quotable epigrams. The author is only twenty-one, and you may make a note of her name, if you fancy this kind of writing, for she is certainly going somewhere.

Concha Espinax's *The Woman and the Sea* (Henkle, $2.50) is another of the recent novels, a translation of this author's *Agua de nieve*, which appeared first in 1911, and which is not one of her more important novels, not a very good book at all, as a matter of fact, in spite of its glowing introduction by Ernest Boyd, and the encomia of the critics scattered over its jacket. Doña Concha is Spain's only woman novelist of the moment, and has, therefore, a somewhat exaggerated reputation, although

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she has done two or three good books, one of which, *Altar mayor*, has not yet been translated into English. It would have been a better choice than *Agua de nieve*.

Good Short Stories

Langston Hughes's *The Ways of White Folks* (Knopf, $2.50), a volume of short stories of Negroes and whites, contains some of the best stories that have appeared in this country in years, and strengthens the Landscaper's long-held opinion that the author is far and away the most talented member of his race who has ever written in this country. They are bitter stories for the most part, often savagely ironical, but done with admirable art. Panteleimon Romanoff's *On the Volga* (Scribner, $2.50) is another collection of excellent short stories by one of the best of the present-day Russian writers.

By a long road, we arrive once more at the miscellaneous division, and one of the most important and timely books to be considered under the heading is Norman Lombard's *Monetary Statesmanship* (Harper, $4), which is a comprehensive consideration of the whole problem of money, banking, and public fiscal policy, written by the ex-vice-president of the Stable Money Association. Mr. Lombard has added greatly to the permanent value of his book by quotations from hundreds of authorities, which run down the sides of the pages opposite his own consideration of the various questions he discusses. It is his belief that a stable price level reached and maintained by intelligent manipulation of the currency is the "way out," and he attempts to answer every objection that has been raised to the scheme, arguing calmly and intelligently, and in such clear English that even the Landscaper had no difficulty in following him.

He believes a central bank which would have the authority to issue currency as a means of raising or lowering, or stabilizing the price level, is needed, and he is firmly convinced that some kind of commodity dollar is a necessity if we are to avoid alternating periods of depression and prosperity. It is, of course, impossible to do more than summarize the thesis of the book here in the fewest words, but of all the dozens of volumes on economics and on monetary matters that have appeared this year, the Landscaper has seen none that seemed to cover the situation so fully as this one.

The Diehard Landscaper

A "sound money" diehard, such as the present writer, can not, to be sure, admit conviction by Mr. Lombard's ingenious and intelligent arguments, but there is no doubt that he has done a good job for his side of the case. He believes the public should be educated in monetary matters, and that bankers should be better trained for their business. The Landscaper has a minimum of faith in these remedies, and less in more laws, also suggested by Mr. Lombard; he still hasn't explained how we are to make people want to do right when they can make more, temporarily at least, out of doing wrong, and we know that education isn't worth the snap of a finger in this direction. However, let's not quibble; the Landscaper is no economist, anyway, and has only recently learned to add comfortably, after years of effort, and even now, the results are not always entirely satisfactory.

A most curious and fascinating book, whose author seems to have ranged the world and many libraries over for his

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material, is *Tracing Our Ancestors*, by Frederick Haberman (The Kingdom Press, St. Petersburg, Florida, cloth, $1.75; paper, $1). Mr. Haberman believes the Anglo-Saxons are the direct descendants of the Adamic race—nothing to do with Louis Adamic, of course—who were a special creation of the Most High, and who moved from India down into Phoenicia, and from there throughout the world, certain tribes of the Hebrews having an active part in these migrations and scattering their blood far and wide over the early world. The Jews, he maintains, were only a fragment of the Hebrew peoples, and of a different type.

Standing by the Bible

The basis of his argument is the Bible, and he contends that in its prophecies everything that has ever happened was foretold, that the Higher Criticism has been losing ground steadily the past few years as archeologists verified the Biblical story, and that with the proper key, the Biblical narrative may be read as truth, also as a forecast of what may come. He has faith in the New Deal, and is sure the Anglo-Saxon blood of this country and of England can save the world, if it will.

He has a swastika on the jacket of his book, and says that the German choice of this ancient emblem has great significance, although just what this significance may be is not explained as fully as it might be. He discusses the Cross as a symbol at great length, speaking of its wide-spread prevalence almost from the dawn of history, and tracing its influence on human affairs, although without mentioning the possibility that it was from the beginning phallic, which accounts for its wide-spread use in religion, since man very evidently began by worshiping the sun and the generative organs wherever he had any religion at all.

These comments do not mean, however, that the book itself is not excellent reading for any one who has an interest in the story of mankind, and more particularly in comparative religion, and in the history of words. The range of scholarship is astonishing and the conclusions, whether one agrees with them or not, are food for a great deal of speculation. The author insists, among other things, that the Scotch-Irish are the finest people that have ever lived in the world, and since it has long been one of the Landscaper's favorite theories that this breed has furnished a sort of backbone of American civilization, it was a pleasure to come across such a high recommendation.

There are many strange things in the world, and a large number of them are to be found in this book, which is hereby strongly recommended for people with an interest in such matters.

Other books of recent publication that belong on even the choicest reading lists include Carl Carmer's *Stars Fell on Alabama* (Farrar and Rinehart, $3), a picture of a Southern State which for its completeness has hardly been equalled. Mr. Carmer lived in Alabama six years and found it a land full of interest. He traveled widely and saw the lives of many different kinds of people, and he has written a book that is most engaging reading. It is, at the same time, full of accurate information and observation, altogether a singularly fine piece of work.

A Good Biography

One of the best of recent biographies is Mariano Tomas's *The Life and Misadventures of Miguel de Cervantes*

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(Houghton Mifflin, $3), an authentic and interestingly written life of a great man, done with careful, but unobtrusive scholarship, and taking full advantage of recent research in a neglected field.

And for those who like prejudiced and angry books which are at the same time intelligent, there is Ivor Brown's *I Commit to the Flames* (Harper, $2.50), in which Mr. Brown, an English critic of standing, sails into the Lawrence cult, and a number of others of the follies of our times. He asks a return to the rule of reason, and we shall have to grant his wish in time because of one obvious fact, which is no more than this: mankind may not find salvation through the use of its intelligence, but it will certainly not find it by turning its back on brains and glorifying the emotions.

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